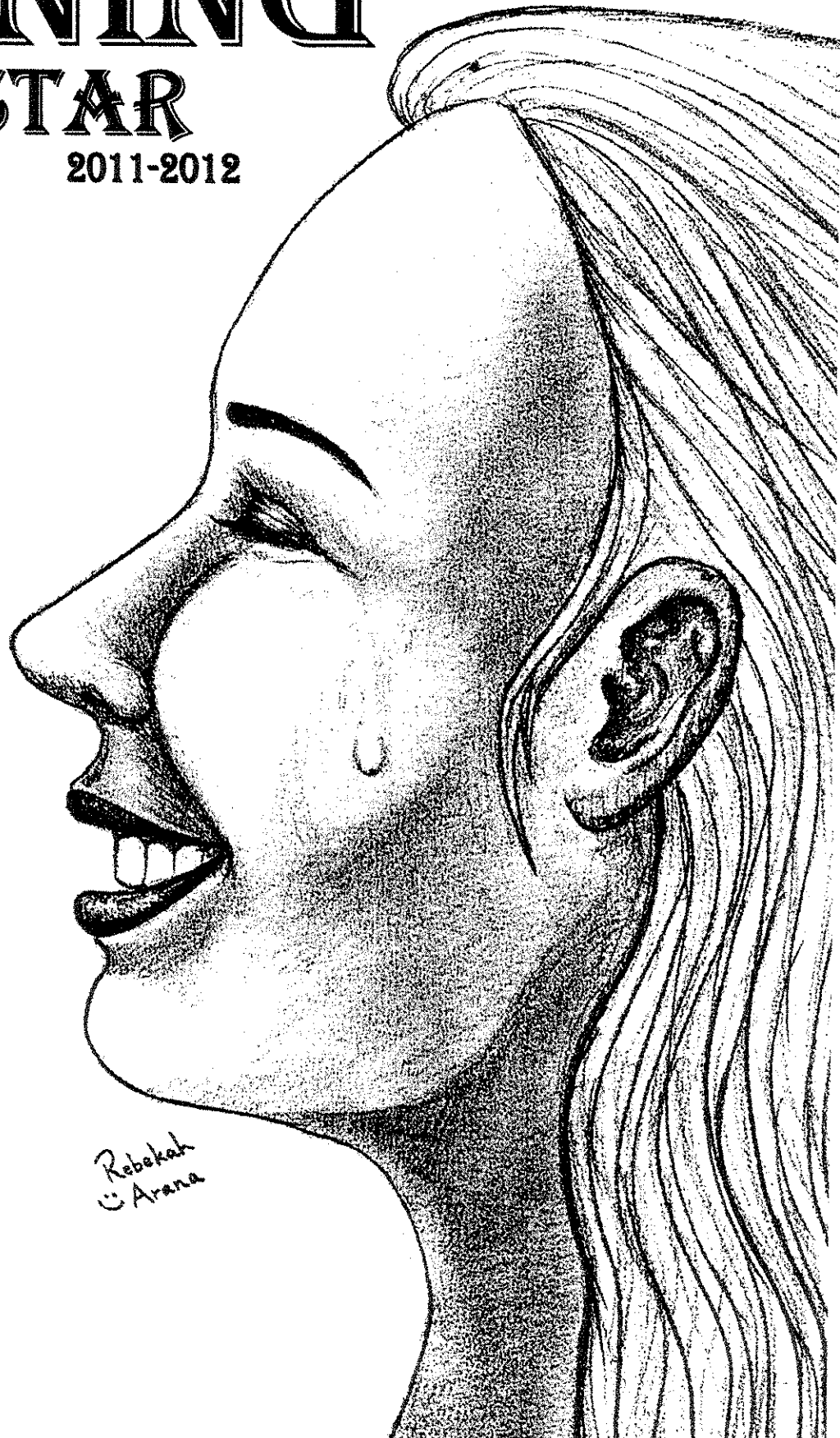


# MORNING STAR

2011-2012



# MORNING

# STAR

## NORTH SCOTT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL FINE ARTS ANTHOLOGY 2011-2012

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SPECIAL THANK YOU TO  
MR. PEETERS, ART INSTRUCTOR  
ALL ARTISTS AND AUTHORS





**THREAD BY  
STRAND,  
THE WORLD  
UNVEILED.**

**- ALEX KARNISH -**



## **A Matter of Conscience**

Alex Peck was a scientist born in Prattville, Alabama.  
He graduated from the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.  
He was singled out after graduation and sent to Los Alamos, New Mexico.  
He hated the heat.  
There, he worked on a project for the government and army of the free world.  
A top secret project.  
A Manhattan Project.  
There he met the Little Boy and the Fat Man.  
There he made them into superstars.

August, 1945 came so quickly.  
Just as quickly, the Boy and the Man left for Japan.  
The Boy was dropped on Hiroshima. The Man on Nagasaki.  
And so, after the war ended, Alex was sent to assess the damage done to the cities.

He saw fire.  
He saw death.  
He saw destruction.  
He saw every home destroyed.

He treated people who were too close to the blast zone.  
He treated people whose face virtually turned to tanned hide.  
He treated people whose eyes were without life,  
And whose skin had broken out with rashes and burns and sores.  
He threw up a lot in those days, but he did not cry.

George Taylor was a boy from Massachusetts.  
He enlisted in the Army, hoping to get a shot fired in the war.  
He arrived to the Pacific late, the war over.  
He was deployed to Japan, to keep an eye on the newly-conquered enemy.  
While on patrol in Hiroshima, he looked to his right, down a dark alley.  
He saw the lifeless corpse of Alex Peck hanging from a downed beam overhead.  
On the floor, near the body, he found the suicide note:  
"If the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst at once in the sky,  
That would be like the splendor of the mighty one [Shiva]...  
I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

-Jakob Arana

# PROGRESS

Well.

We've done it.

The Space Race was nothing compared to this.

We've created something more,

By creating something less.

There's beauty in it.

All these ruinous structures,

These remnants of yesterday's civilization,

These relics of a time

Not so forgotten.

Some still weep.

We gave up so much.

For what seems like so little.

How will we rebuild?

Some questions don't need to be asked.

It's better this way.

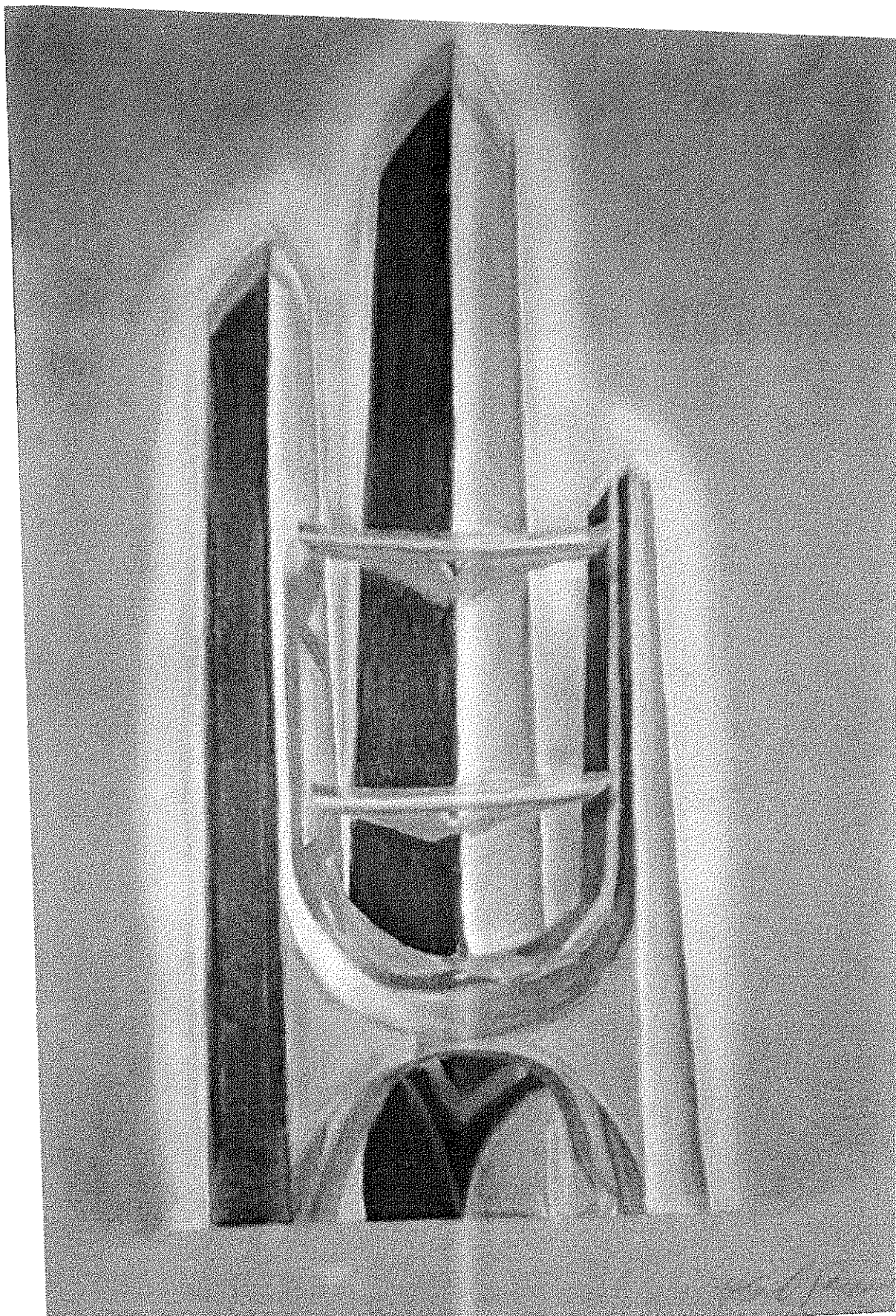
Deep down we all know it.

And yet we look back with sorry,

When we once looked ahead

With hope.

-Ben Suhl



Child Soldiers

Jacob Connor

Why must the children  
Fight the old man's war?  
They are never old enough  
To fight in a pointless war

Children are dying  
At too young of an age  
They are forced to fight  
Sometimes beaten and raped.

Children are dying  
For a cause that they  
Don't even understand.

This has to end

**Affliction**

Darkness hacked across the vibrant monsoon.

My hero silently fought the whimpering.

Way back in time, we didn't know...

I was discouraged at the remote thought.

Concealing the beauty, we now aged.

The ambush was thorough, like a hunter,

Smiling beneath his shield.

The soft plain sprinted around our community.

Swiftly people stepped, encompassing him—

His possessions were destroyed!

I repress the opportunity in this state.

Fierce fire filled the fluid feeling,

Glistening with youth and full of discomfort...

Thinking silence would've been artful.

Guarded by their stronghold,

The sky gleamed back with strength.





## The warrior's Path

**In roaming about you hear a bell, it's time for you to excel.**

**Farewell lovely home where you have grown.**

**You venture only to find strange and scary things.**

**Your wisdom can overcome anything that can be.**

**You have had every reason on earth to leave.**

**You have heard of nothing but your father's infamy.**

**What beckons to you in the shade invites you to your grave?**

**You only wish that your father never taught you to fight.**

**Fate bites your foot as you pass.**

**You are pleased to vent your past grief.**

**You hold the gate while your sword fights for your destiny.**

**Your adventures have brought only change about.**

**Where have you been to have not met your fate?**

**You can only live once the flames have died.**

**You exchange your life for another one.**

**How can you kill another man and still go on?**

*-Chris Holand*

## Unsought Paradise

The vision, never the same as the story told.  
The pain! Many have no choice to deny.  
The fear! Standing alone.  
The life, unfulfilled that will not go on.  
The killer! Eyes shooting down a carrel.  
The glory felt for a split-second, then reality sets back in.  
The love, always present with a fellow brother.  
The glory, washed onto the brave and fearless.  
The stars seen by all with a fallen in thought.

A place no one should ever have to stand in,  
A dream, many could never see as paradise.  
A danger! Many in life will not understand.  
A pain! Carrying the weight of the free on one's shoulders.  
A blink of the eyes, life flashes back through time.  
A trigger to fully destroy with such a light grip,  
A life lost due to an action failed.  
A battle! Fields of pure, burning destruction.  
A destiny of comrade's lives at stake.



Keenan Feldpausch

## **Bad Luck Abe**

J.D. Pumphrey

Awakening in a pleasant mood

It being Good Friday

A comedy act was scheduled for him to attend

At 10:00 pm on April 14, 1865, "Our American Cousin"

But they begged him not to go

He just needed a good laugh

And a good laugh was received...

That is for John W. Booth

A man with a plan

Like a lion stalking his prey

John W. Booth pointed his tiny Derringer to Lincoln's head and

"Bang!" the world would never be the same

And as for John W. Booth, he wouldn't last long

He jumps off the balcony... "Crack" his leg is broken

Waiting outside is Mr. Pumphrey's small mare ready for the escape

But after his cruel act he wouldn't go long without repercussions

On April 26, in Richmond, Illinois, John W. Booth would be reunited with Honest Abe



Just Words Spoken by: Nicole Reed

**Never again.**

6 million Jews, Never again

7 million farmers, Never again

800,000 men, women, and children, Never again

Each and every time the world turns away

Each and every time the world kills the innocent

Each and every time the world screams

**Never Again.**

Classified

Symbolized

Dehumanized

Organized

Polarized

Prepared

Exterminated and

Denied

Each and every time

**Now.**

8 countries

Millions of people

Tortured, displaced, murdered

8 countries given “the responsibility to protect, but not the power to protect”

Knowledge doesn't save

Action can

**Never again** are only words,

Make them reality.





Amanda Belk

Amanda Belk

## **The Eternal Lost Children** by Stormy Hargis

Well here's what happened

Tenth of June 1912.

Then came the demon,

Emerging straight out of Hell.

Eight people lost, mysteriously dead.

Bludgeoned by demon-or demons?

Asleep in their bed brought axe to their heads.

Now nobody knows what did happen.

Little boy last runs-quick!-down the hall.

Not even eight, he's lost his sweet soul.

He's scared for his family, they've also been lost.

Now little boy lost runs-quick!-down the hall.

Little girl lost hides-shh!-under the bed.

Memories of death fresh as a rose in her head.

She still sees the blood. Still feels the pain.

So little girl lost hides-shh!-under the bed.

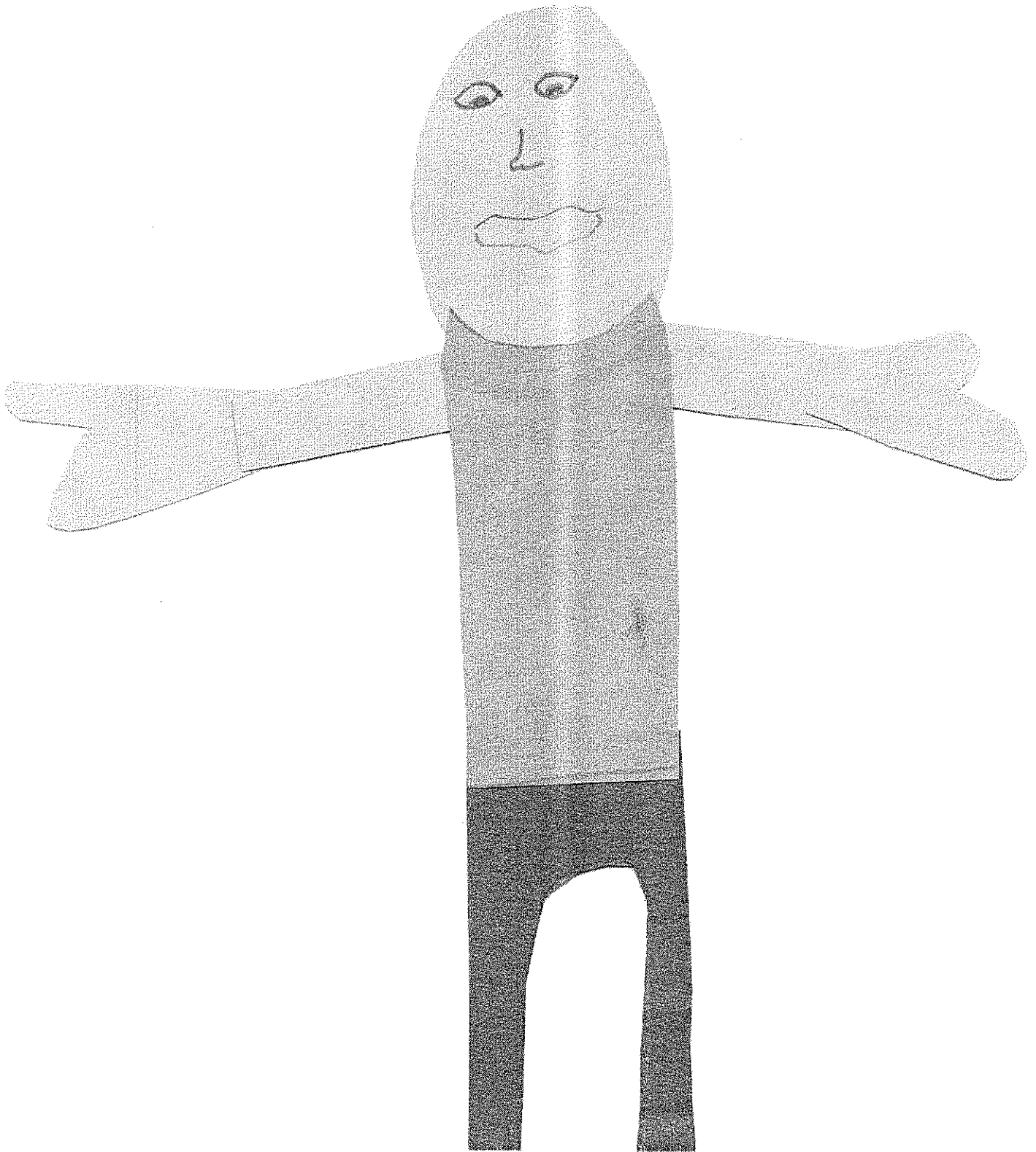
Family of six with houseguests of two.

Their silent screams never to be heard.

Stillinger sisters and the murders of Moores

Sleeping in beds, did they lock their doors?





Danielle Ted Ford

Michael  
J. J. J. J.

## **Diane's Children**

**My mommy raised me,  
With such love and care.  
We have the same eyes  
And the same golden hair**

**My mommy is by herself,  
No man by her side.  
There's a man that wants her,  
But only her, no children at all.**

**She's taking us for a drive.  
We're going sightseeing at night.  
The car is so comfortable,  
Slowly I close my eyes**

**My mommy shot me,  
My brother and sister too,  
We're only children mommy!  
What did we do?**



## Dying Day

By Kelly Kupris

Everyone says they have the roughest life.

In a shinning, lush rose water forest

Towards the end of dusk it smiles blatant-colors,

In the middle of the night in the country it

Was New Years Eve, and the clock rung twelve.

Every time she walks by that black Grand Baby piano,

That short crisp and coarse music plays.

And then he looks at her,

Just the littlest, slightest gaze from him will easily unwind her.

She now has but only one dying, limitless day to live

The gigantic devilish gate that stares her in the eyes;

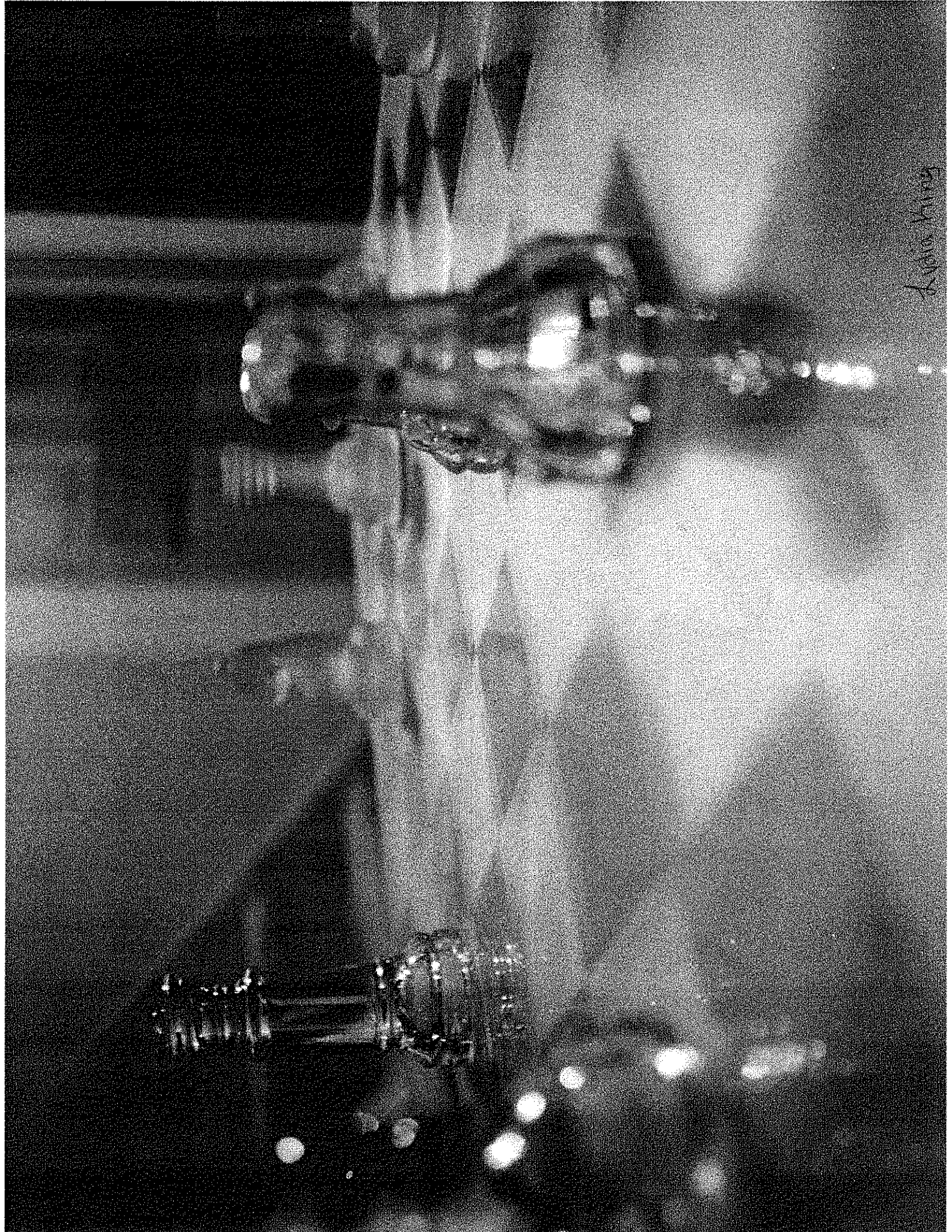
From his rhythmic red-black pulsing silhouette

She quietly said his name, she whispered out loud.

Firmly in hand, he unsheathes his majestic broad sword

And then, black.

*One blink; the  
world changed  
forever.*



Lydia King

a Curse upon **them**

*Immortal Devils* forever Curse **them**.  
*Dark* sustenance drips from *Their* bright red beaks.  
forever **he** will be *Harmed*,  
wildly wishing to explore *Aimlessly* through the world.  
**she** senses the mighty *Shaded Beast* emerge!

**her** father never gave **her** a warning,  
**her** *Mother* pushed **her** into tears of *Anger*,  
**her** tears whispering in **her** dreams.  
**her** *Blackness Drowns* fresh sensations.  
**she** senses the mighty *Shaded Beast* emerge!

moonlight splashed corridors containing **their** souls,  
becoming alien craters.  
**his** soul fitting in **her** bleak heart as  
Against **them** the twilight whispers in the breeze.  
**she** senses the mighty *Shaded Beast* emerge!

**they** crawl through a universe that races,  
sensations awake, **they** come here and hope to  
alter life instead of *Destroying* it.  
singing to divulge **their** *Darkness*.  
**she** senses the mighty *Shaded Beast* emerge!

~ Melissa Storey ~

*I know you hate me.*

I'm not a *human being*, I'm a

**Sinner.**

*Promiscuous Girl.  
Illegal Immigrant.  
Gay person.*

**I am destroying  
AMERICA.**

*I will stop at nothing  
To destroy your morality, your society.*

If you're not careful, I  
might even [REDACTED]

If you see me on the street,  
you'll know it's me because I'm

*Poor,  
Dirty,  
Wearing a head covering,  
Speaking Spanish,  
Kissing the same sex,  
Pregnant as a teen,  
[REDACTED]  
Dressing different from you.*

**You will know me by my  
99% protest sign.**

*You will know it is me,  
when you look me in the eyes,  
And desperately want to rush me to a confessional.  
You want me on my knees, looking  
Up and pleading forgiveness...*

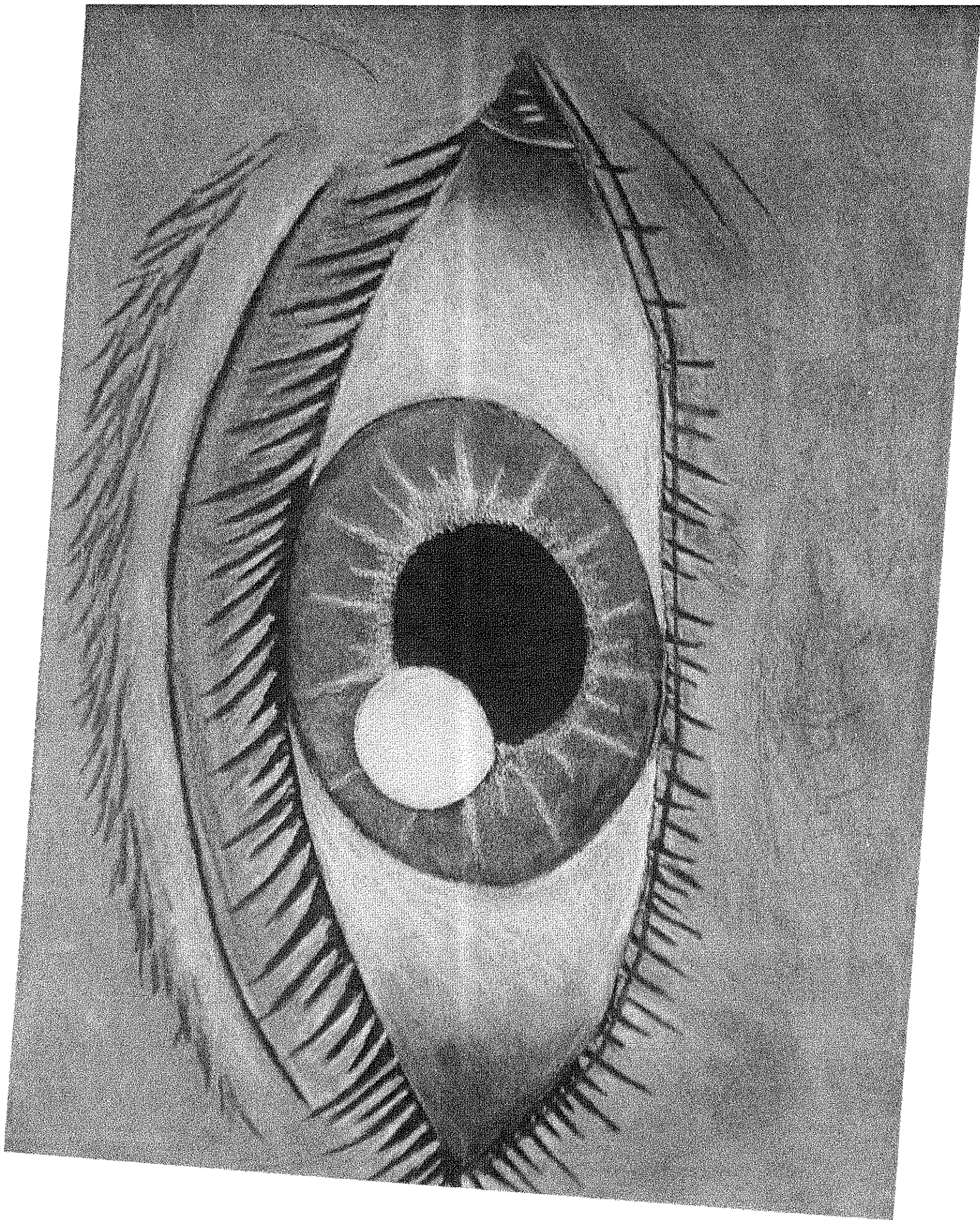
**You want me to change my ways.**

You hate me.

**I am destroying  
AMERICA.  
Only you can save  
AMERICA.**

*Only you can kill my dreams.*







## **Possession**

By Alyson Ragona

**A melancholy morning dozed upon your restless mind  
They are long,  
The nights of wretched hopelessness**

**A fiendish spirit begins to stir  
Where long the deathly shadows of the dark wind has descended**

**You awaken  
With the pungent smell of sulfur and an eerie presence filling your head  
A red fog beings to rub its back against your window panes**

**When the malevolent eyes were before you it was discernible to you,  
That now you are of demonic decent  
You mind is thrown back into the depths of your long forgotten conscience  
And your hatred, so pretentious,  
Not even death or defeat can extinguish it.  
With lively eyes and flesh of vibrant color burning brilliantly with a devious  
muzzle,  
Grinning from behind the surface of your inventive deception  
Like a skein of unscrupulous filament  
Woven within this fraudulent fabric you have fashioned**

**This demonic possession cuts all of your previous ties with humanity,  
The last human thought whirling away from your sinister brain  
Now this disgustingly monstrous spirit will have permanently buried  
The foundations of your human soul,**

**Leaving a husk of a body,**

**A counterfeit of the human form,  
Free to cause pain and anguish amongst those still of this world**



Alyson Rogers

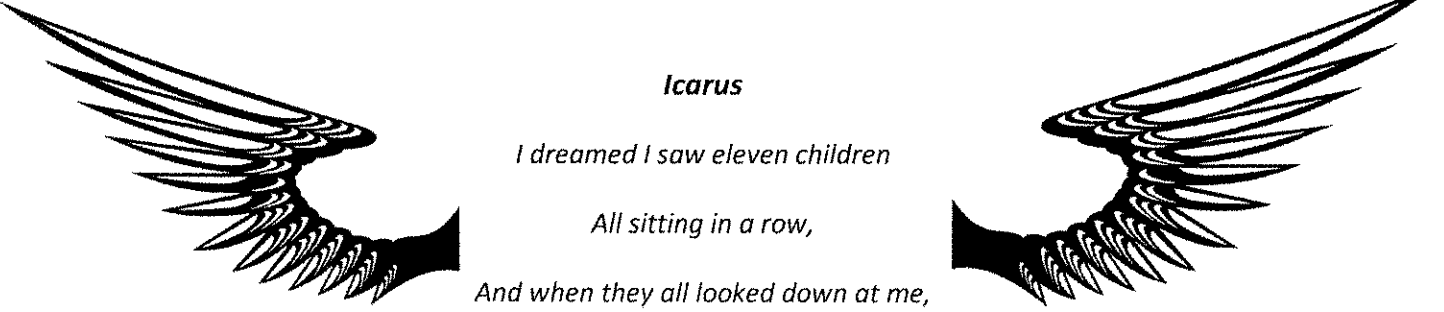
Trey Williams

### **Seams of death**

On wings where the falls wore  
The skull to melted wax on the mortal world, here where  
Death is always right, but so wrong and life learns to stroll on frosted  
Finger tips Pure sadness rather consists in having died clouded with wrinkled and  
Frozen blood, we arouse our desires to that radiant aroma of a fading autumn, I have known  
The malaise of the moon as well as the miasma, Why seize the moon to the most lit seam of the night,  
the miasma  
Spreads on Mondo  
Incubus nails, I challenge the  
Shades below who I  
Should  
Bequeath my revulsion, Convey don, the prince of darkness is THE Holy Spirit, choler silently the fallen  
angel of over lived hours, Hearken how the angels howl and whispered sewing her lips out faced  
Within hate there is those who love, it sunk by the shadow behind Bewitching urns, held  
From within the walloping of the creek grew still one twilight and the night  
Hued the heart, the impure souls of those I loathe, they saw a man  
Pursuing my heart and he gazed into a fog at a  
Sunken morning moon through ones soul,  
You never see him clinched to the  
Heart he's trying  
To poison, the eyes are awake, always lost, blushed and slithers from me

[Ashley Raleigh]

**Icarus**



*I dreamed I saw eleven children  
All sitting in a row,  
And when they all looked down at me,  
My heart began to mellow.*

*The sun peaked out from behind the clouds,  
The moon ran away, and the stars went to flee,  
And the children all sang in perfect unison,  
"What does the world have to do with me?"*

*Then they scattered themselves amongst the birds,  
Catching them best they could,  
And glued them to their arms to fly,  
Just like the Ancient Icarus would.*

*I dreamed I saw eleven children,  
Flying towards the ground,  
And whilst I dreamed...it came to me,  
The children had made no sound.*

*The dream was such a silly one,  
I cannot tell a lie.  
But it made me think, even to myself,  
"Is it true, that all we do, is fly until we die?"*

Perfectionism: The Bane of My Existence  
By Abby Nass

This memoir is not good enough.



Amanda Belk



I am immobile  
Dirty  
Aged and distorted.

I have seen many souls.  
I can tell the weather,  
Even though I have never seen the outside.  
When I get lucky I will swallow what sunshine I can capture.

I am walked upon  
Every day.

I am immobile  
Dirty  
Aged and distorted.

After all of this time  
I am changing.  
My color is becoming  
Pale.

I am immobile  
Dirty  
Aged and distorted.

I am not as valuable as before.  
My beauty has been worn.  
I am no longer sleek,  
My texture has become nearly brittle.  
I am no longer appreciated,  
I am simply dealt with.

I am the floor your soles bare every day.

(name withheld)

# **Caged**

**By Danielle Carman**

**I sit here,**

**On this**

**Cold**

**Hard floor.**

**I'm a guinea pig**

**I'm caged.**

**Guards trip me.**

**No one sees.**

**When I walk,**

**I'm blind.**

**The**

**Crunching paper around my**

**Face. I only**

**Wish to pull it off.**

**I'm going insane.**

**I want out.**

**I scream.**

**How much longer will this be?**

**I want to kick.**

**I want to hit.**

**Who is this man,**

**In the body of**

**Me?**

**Then I remember,**

**It's only an experiment.**

**So I can only wonder,**

**Why am I not me?**

**(Based on the Stanford Prison Experiment)**





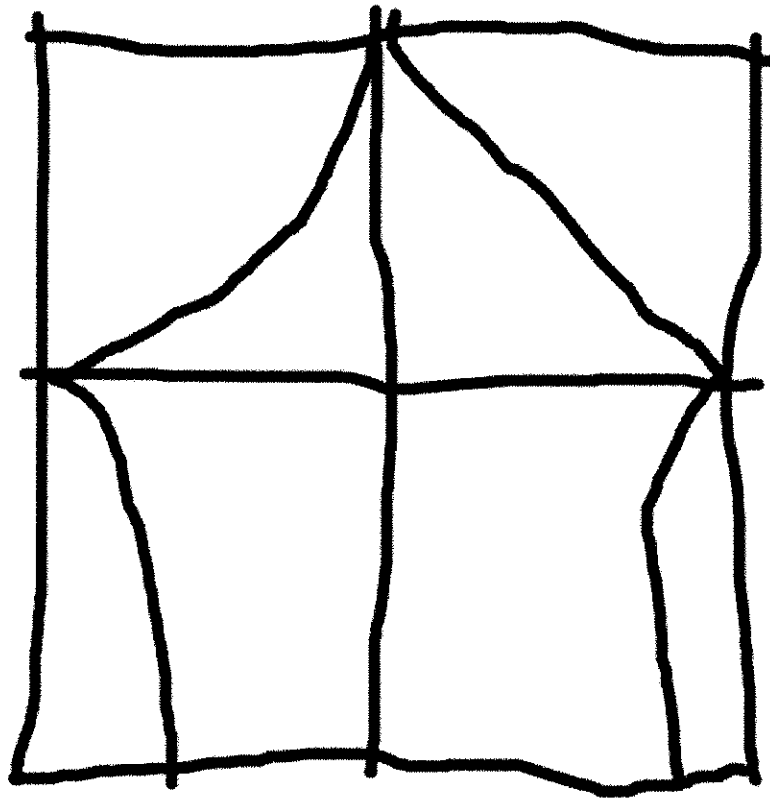
Meditation on a Supposition

She drowned herself - done with life!  
(To mourn is such a silly thing)  
Only a woman forgotten would,  
And I know that I could.  
Just think: I was the Someone!  
Then I surrendered and you took care of me.  
A kiss upon my cheek and I close my eyes  
Thinking: "I am content."  
(I seemed to be too free)  
Now I give no answers - I ask no questions.  
You stand in front of me,  
Because I wanted to stand behind you.  
Oh, if only out of the sunlight I would flee,  
And suddenly slam the tall bronze gates behind me!  
Short, prophetic visions that make me wring my hands,  
I cannot drag the corners close enough!  
Those forbidden wishes! Those freakish hopes!  
Hence, none other than, the Patriarch.  
Please, shuffle your pawns with no air of grace, with  
Their wrinkled skin, Their gluttonous plates, Their  
Caucasian Winters.  
Somewhere, we laughed to ourselves.  
"Please, I won't let you do this."  
"Awaken from your lofty dreams," you whisper softly.  
(As God murmurs that my fate cannot be restored for me)  
My children will be gathered neatly in my lap, and  
There's a white flowered street that I must travel alone.  
By my dirt colored hair, seize me!  
To grasp your weight upon my chest,  
To put into place my  
Two rusted lips.  
"Viviría, pero yo te amo."  
We are notorious for our words and  
Remaining Powerless.  
A flickering ember lay in my heart  
And an infection developed there that I didn't tell you about.  
Fold up these lines, slip them in a filing cabinet far away.  
Everything is already changed into  
One hundred and eight factory-made wood mala beads.

## Funny vs. Angry

Why are you so mad?; be happy like the smiley face on the Wal-Mart commercials; have you ever tried having someone push you around in a cart while you wave with a crown on your head? That's fun, but people stare at you peculiarly; *they stare at me like that anyway*; do not be a downer, you are a negative Nelly; Algebra two is not that hard, you just have to focus; SQUIRREL; *you really should calm down*; I think you should be happier; I am going to stare at you until you laugh; we need to have a sleepover—that would be awesome; my birthday is in 24 days; let's play ladder ball, and maybe that will get your mind off of it; what if we jumped off a building, the exhilaration would knock it out of you; oh, whatever you do, do not use violence; violence is never the answer; you could try boxing to let off some steam; maybe you could drink some tea, it will help you relax; yoga would work too, it will give you more energy; let's go haunted housing, and we might even see a ghost; maybe the television show "Ghost Hunters" is on so it will scare you out of your depressed mood; *I am not depressed, just agitated*; people who are agitated can have fun—that's what I have been trying to tell you; maybe I should shake the agitation out of you; alright Debbie Downer, I have about had it with you; I sound like one of those nanny shows; maybe I should call your mother; whenever I get agitated I talk to my mother; let's talk so you can tell me about your problem; yes, the subject chemistry is difficult; don't try to change the subject away from your problem; this is how you talk to someone about your problems when they ask; if you are being a downer you have problems; spit it out; let's have a pity party—maybe that will help you feel like your normal self; this is the only time I have ever seen you be depressed or angry or whatever you are; something has to be seriously wrong; you didn't even laugh at my funny creeper face; why don't you tell me what is so wrong?

Allison Coe



Sometimes, I live in  
A room where I can only  
Look out at the world.

[Ashley Raleigh]

## Alone

It's been years since I last lived there.  
They always said, "That man has never conversed since the day of his birth."

My life, engulfed by vicious nightmares.  
My heart, folded like a degraded flower.  
My Isolation, controls and guides me.  
My life, only designed for me to be Alone.  
My shaking head, always buried in the sand.  
My Fears, confirmed through people.

Social life, enlightens when normal night terrors are no longer desired.  
Loneliness, hides one from the sun  
And I like Darkness.  
That has always been the life for me.

Friends and faces strain my Loneliness.  
Blessed mortals sigh, but it holds me up.  
For fake fun, fabled family, false friends all fail.

I'll stay Alone, complying with my eternal fate.  
Whose hand could guide me through my Night  
And talk, touch, love, show me light?

Jacob Haan



Amanda Bell



## Depression

I sit here,

Waiting.

The faces around me are

Not the faces I wish to be seeing.

I cry.

I wish so much,

Yet I can only get so little.

When will this end?

I hear growls every minute,

Hunger.

The little ones coughing.

I can only do nothing.

So I just sit here,

Waiting.

*Danielle Carman*



Strong and tall,  
An interruption in the rolling planes  
Above. The heavens mesmerize, and  
Below, it stands anchored,  
Proud and firm,  
Rooted as it pierces the heavens.  
Life rolls, unfolding as a map,  
Laid bare for all eyes to see,  
To drink in,  
While all the stars watch above.  
Looking towards the sky for the answers,  
But there you are, everywhere I look;  
Drawing my attention,  
Bringing me back  
To that dark place.

By: Nikki Watkins

## Melancholy

Quiet and desolate the man has but no friends

He stares into the vacant abyss with his down

Suffering through life one day at a time

He wishes only for an ignorant bliss in the wake of time

As the night continues people come and go

The bartender tells of tales of the past to the patrons

He only hears the cries of pain from the stories

His story is a most sad one, consisting of loneliness

He is the man who had it all

The wealth, the fame, the friends

Now he is rejected, alone, and depressed

He is the lonely man.

~B.W.~



AS

### Invictus of Modern Times

I saw my name on a tombstone last night.  
In a dream,  
of course.  
But it was very real...almost so much,  
that I'm not sure if I was dreaming or not.  
I actually dreamed I was in Japan.  
I was telling my mother  
"Don't worry,  
Nothing is wrong with me."  
I felt fine.  
I was fighting a war that I was winning!  
Nothing felt as good as victory.  
I am beautiful.  
Every day, the camera kissed my cheeks in flashes,  
Every day it caressed my curves.  
Every day it enticed me with it's shiny lenses.  
But I looked in the mirror.  
My face, staring, expressionless.  
I tried smiling.  
But it wasn't like before.  
I was always alone when I looked in the mirror.  
And the mirror didn't love me.  
In my dream I ran out onto the streets of Tokyo.  
They were all dead.  
The lines on the road were raised up,  
Like speed bumps with ditches in between.  
I tried to leap over the gaps,  
But I fell! I clawed and scraped and fought  
to get back up, but I was sliding down the  
concrete road...all the way  
to the bottom.  
I felt weak. No matter what I did, it was futile!  
I couldn't do anything!  
I looked at myself in a reflective puddle.  
I wasn't beautiful anymore.  
I was a wretch!  
I held my head in my hands and moaned to the skies.  
And that's when I saw it.  
I froze. It seemed impossible that it would be there.  
It had my name on it.  
And my date of death.  
I tried to memorize it,  
But there was a piece of paper taped over the grave. It said...  
"I saw my name on a tombstone last night..."

*In memory of Isabelle Caro,  
Who fought to educate others about anorexia, but lost her battle with the beast on  
November 17, 2010.*

An Angel For An Angel

By Katie Witter

I'm supposed to be her guardian.

An angel for an angel.

I know her better than she knows herself--

As the purest of all children,

The most naive of all foe,

Straight descendant from the maker.

I stand tall, ready for a fight

In front of this demon-like being.

This devil-like child. This goes beyond Naivete of children

My angel—my sweet, sweet child.

She is in love with her enemy.

Forbidden love of the worst kid—

Forbidden to experience the innocence of Love for the first time.

Every day is our Last Beginning by Stormy Hargis

Every day is our Last Beginning.

Our last chance to make the day ours.

To procrastinate on this, our Last Beginning,

Will surely provide us an unhappy Last Ending.

This is your Last Beginning.

You're rose is wilting as we speak.

Don't you wish you had not waited?

Your Last Beginning begins today.

What can you ensure that you will say

When your Last Ending comes your way?

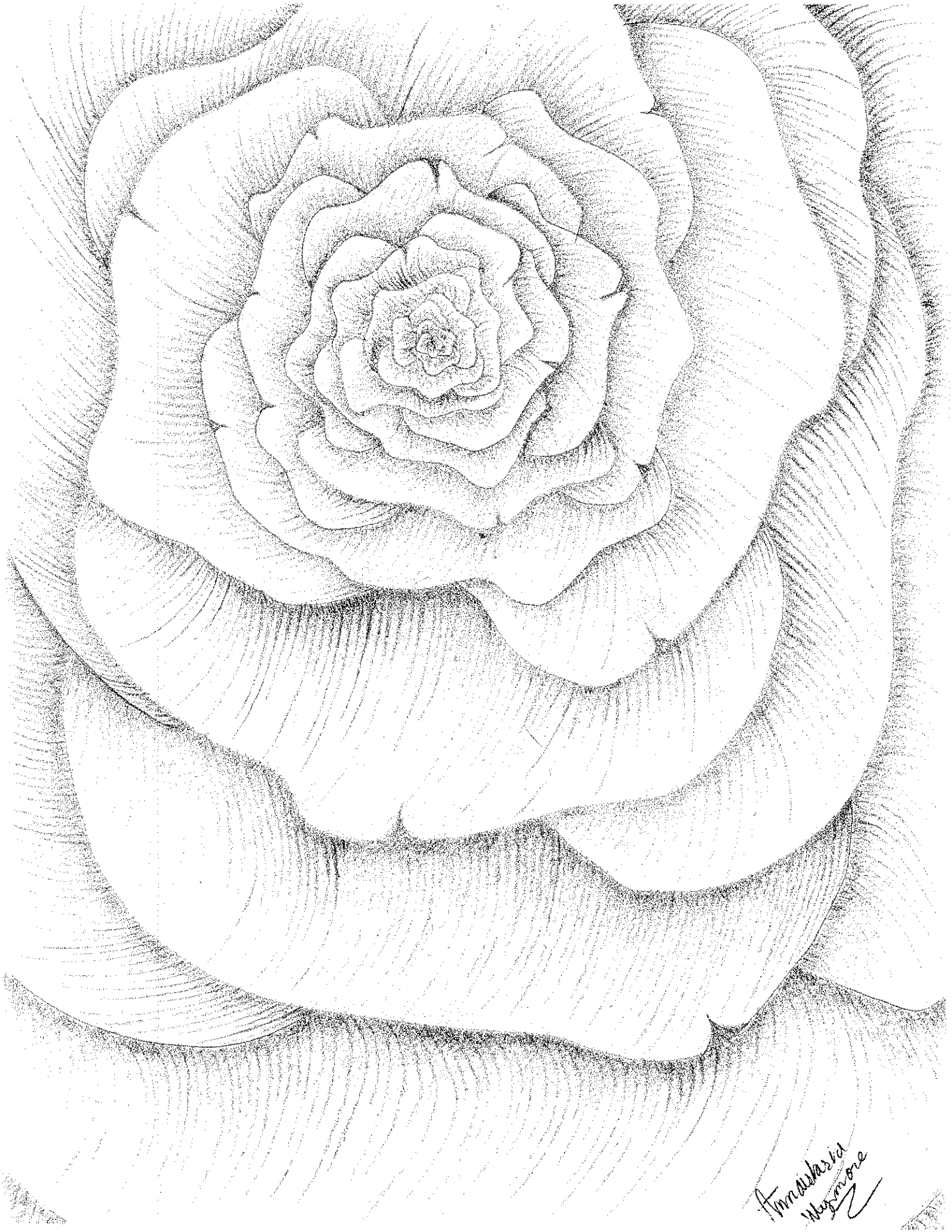
*Never enough  
time in one day.*

*- Miranda Hale -*



**Midnight blossoms bloom**  
**Red, Green, Orange, Blue, Yellow, White and**  
**Then I pull the plug.**

**[Ashley Raleigh]**



Amalia  
Wymore

Caitlin Efstathiou

## The Flowers Fade

When the flowers fade, so will the memories of you.

When the day arrives everything will change.

Self-conscious, abandoned, and forsaken is the true reality.

When the attractive is bad, they're the heartbreakers.

When I cry, the universe will cry too.

Just like the summer's sun and the summer runs, everything comes to an end.

Trust used to be our only abundance.

Now, the absence between us grows.

No matter what, there's eternally a place for you in my heart.

For now, I'll look upon you and curse your destiny.

"Nevermore should we be together," is what he said.

Into the light, selfish and ugly he went.

I just stood there, and speculated my life go by.

I couldn't help him regain his sanity any longer.

A gloomy tomorrow would come.

Depressing would be the cheerless gloomy skies.

Come stay with me and love me once more.

Just don't kiss me affectionately with your sweet soft lips.

We'll regain our purity, which few could please.

Before we know it, the reality will set back in.

You just can't love me back.

### **Poem**

I sit and watch out the kitchen window in the town of Collioure

The valley's so small

The noises so loud

I wait for the rain to pour and the sound of drops to hit the roof

As the sun beats down,

The heat starts to rise and I open the windows to the warm, sunny day

To let the cool breeze flow

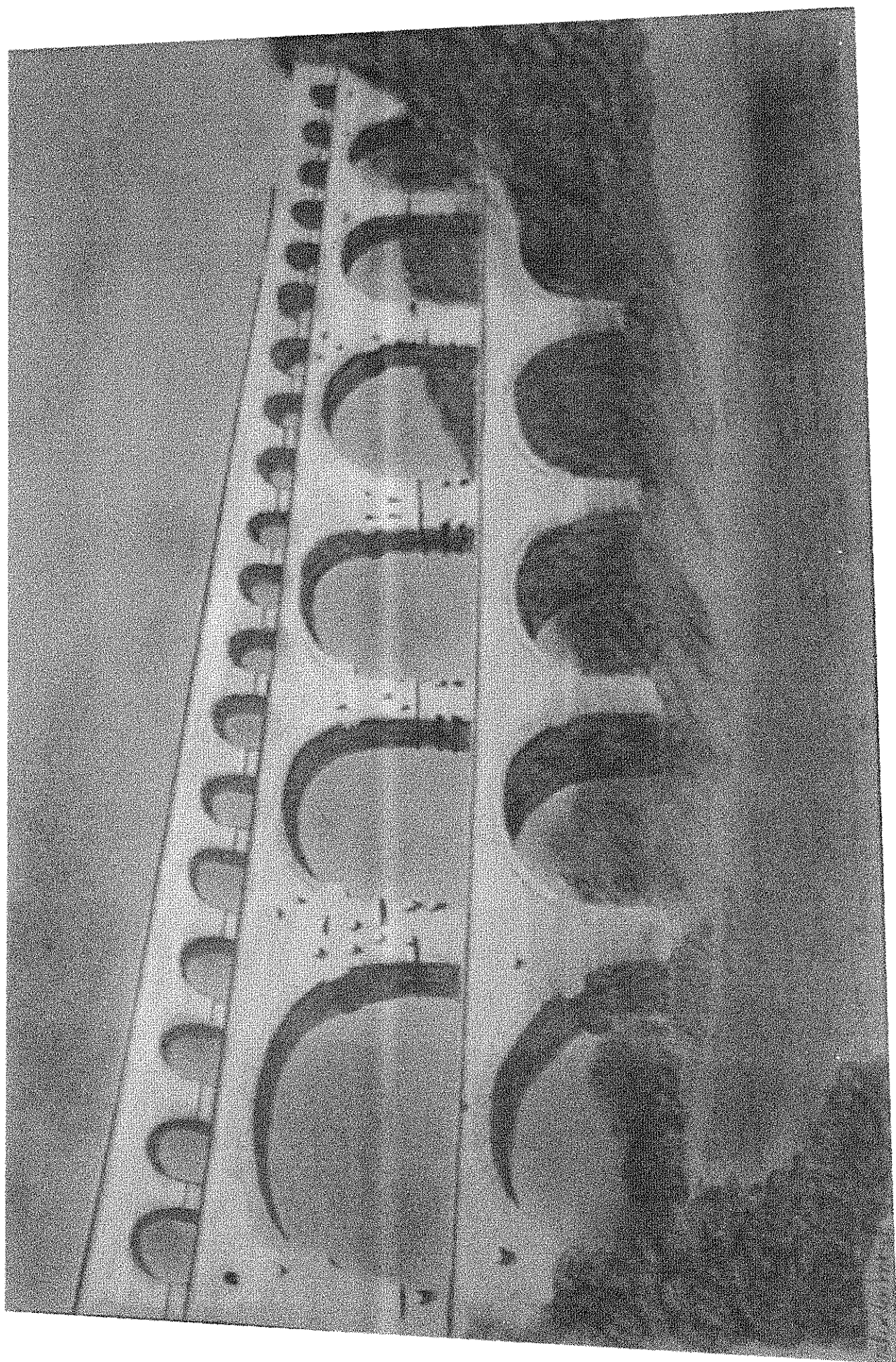
You don't see many children out playing,

Because of the hot sun rays.

We search for water up in the mountains

And hope to find some soon.

Alyssa Rheingans



Jakob Arana

“For Bruno and Alike”

Beware the Bearer of bad news  
I can hate both just and fair  
For he spoke with Truth--Truth that hath lied  
And just for a glance at Adventure, our Sons left us  
All, in the plains of France, our heroes bled  
For we were sent to take and die  
If only Death were like a nightmare, all souls would flee from it  
How horrid the Widow's crying  
And Thou, saddest Battle, selected from all the tears  
The mumble of men storming the trenches the Gods will not surrender  
Pop-pop; bang-bang. Couldn't they hear it? The shell-shots hitting near.  
As close as the trench from hole to hole  
There he died, where he long'd to lay for all time  
The graveyard, the killing fields, are turned to red roses  
A soldier's funeral is not the freed-man's disgrace  
the bells will toll the dead's passing  
by his tomb; the empty, unmarked barrow  
and where are Europe's finest sons  
poor sons, 'tis time you cease your suffering  
Only five fugitives from Sheol's trenches [or abyss]  
lived to see that Moon that burneth on this phantom's shore.



Amanda Belk





# Taken So Young and Beautiful

By: Kari Moeller

Country tunes force you to remember  
Moments of darkest memory.  
Life is full of never ending goodbyes,  
And family and friends whom will never forget  
When she was taken so young and beautiful.

This morning is clear, no fog in the air  
Just another winter day.  
Noon arrives,  
Expecting return, she loads her car,  
Departing for the beloved volleyball practice.

Seated, the trusted seatbelt hugs her chest,  
But a stop arrives breathtakingly fast.  
She glides her foot and taps the brake  
While underneath villainous ice lurks  
Just like a fox anticipating its prey.

The oncoming truck strikes with great precision.  
Her heart is stopped.  
It only takes one horrid collision.  
Her existence was short, but she will live on.  
For she offers just one last remembrance.

Her heart and lungs which she no longer need,  
Can now live on in someone else.  
Her death has come,  
But in so many ways she continues to live on.  
On earth and as well in Heaven.

Holding your *thoughts*...

**HURTS** your *heart*...

*By Kaitlin Schmidt*

## Lost

You feel lost amongst the hatred.  
This terrible talk taunts and teases you.  
It hurts! Why would someone do this?  
To show that you're weak?  
To show that they're superior?  
You are judged for something beyond your control.

The heart is now broken and lost.  
The mind knows only burdens.  
The bruises, both inside and out, now ache.

Like drowning and  
The lifeguards ignore you.  
Like being lost and  
No one wants you found.  
You seek out the  
Only escape you think is left.

But a reached-out hand,  
Pulls you from the darkest depths and  
Helps you find your way back home.

By Emma Hubner

Nicole Ashby

Pain

I've never known a loving home  
They strike me with strong hands  
I wish I had a daily meal  
Will these wounds ever heal?  
I hide in fear each and everyday  
I try, but cannot runaway  
Save me from the pain

I've never known a loving home  
Hurt and hungry I lie awake;  
Wondering will I ever escape  
What have I done wrong?  
I can't compete with their size  
Look into these helpless eyes  
Save me from the pain.



The Ignored,  
The Forgotten,  
The Hopeless

Do you see me?

On the other side of the street.

Do you see me?

Chained to that light pole.

Do you see me?

Laying in filth waiting to die.

Do you see me?

*I see me.*

I look into a window because it is all I have.

My reflection stares back at me.

Evil eyes stare back at me suddenly.

I feel fear for what will come next.

I cannot run because of this chain.

Do you see me?

Do you hear me?

I whimper your name when you walk by.

Do you hear me?

I cry at night but my voice is too small now.

Do you hear me?

No one ever listens to my pain filled cries.

Do you hear me?

*I hear me.*

I whimper to myself because only I care.

My ears ache because of my crying,

Because of the insects that call me home,

Because of the thud of a tire iron against flesh.

Do you hear me?

Do you see me?

Do you smell me?

That smell of trash and hopelessness.

Do you smell me?

Down the block is when people begin to cringe.

Do you smell me?

I have laid in trash and filth my whole life.

Do you smell me?

*I smell me.*

I cannot breathe because of this stench.

My flesh is rotten in some places,

Is burned or bleeding in others.

Do you smell me?

Do you hear me?

Do you see me?

Do you miss me?

I am gone now, missing from my chain.

Do you miss me?

I am never coming back to that light pole.

Do you miss me?

Because you did nothing, I am gone forever.

Do you miss me?

*I miss me.*

I do not miss you.

You do not miss me.

Why did you never smell me?

Why did you never hear me?

Why did you never see me?

Why did you never help me?

~Melissa Storey~

By Tabby Roberts

She forgot to pick up some milk.

He kicked her.

She dropped a cup.

He punched her.

She burned supper.

Last straw. She's as good as dead.

He had a "tough" childhood.

But that's not an excuse.

Locked up, must live with what he's done.

Tears of rage and agony roll down her face

As she puts her baby girl in the ground.

No mother want to bury their child of only fifteen.

She looks at the picture in the wreath

Her daughter was a rare kind of beauty-

She gleamed inside and out.

And she was stolen.



## Alone by Stormy Hargis

Alone is the child, whose hope is all gone.  
His parents have left him with strangers for years.  
Alone is the child, whose hope is all gone.  
Alone with the people who cause all his tears.

They hit him. They hurt him.  
He cries—They don't stop.  
He's scared every day.

He remembers the days, when his parents were great.  
Taking him to parks, playing family games.  
But now they are different and he doesn't know what happened.  
Just that he's alone, and that will never change.

He misses his parents—His real ones.  
The parents who care about him.  
He believes they will come back,  
So he stays and he waits.

Alone is the boy, whose hope is futile.  
He doesn't have to live so detached.  
He needs help.

YOU can help him.  
YOU can give him the freedom of life.  
YOU can show him what he deserves.  
YOU can show him love.

Happy is the child, whose love is enormous.  
His new parents have saved him from strangers.  
Happy is the child, whose love is enormous.  
Happy with the people who wiped away all his tears.



Paula Rivard

Once Forgotten  
By: Kari Moeller

As he sits upon the sidewalk,  
I wonder if he sees me.  
For I watch him each and every night  
Cry like a tiny baby.

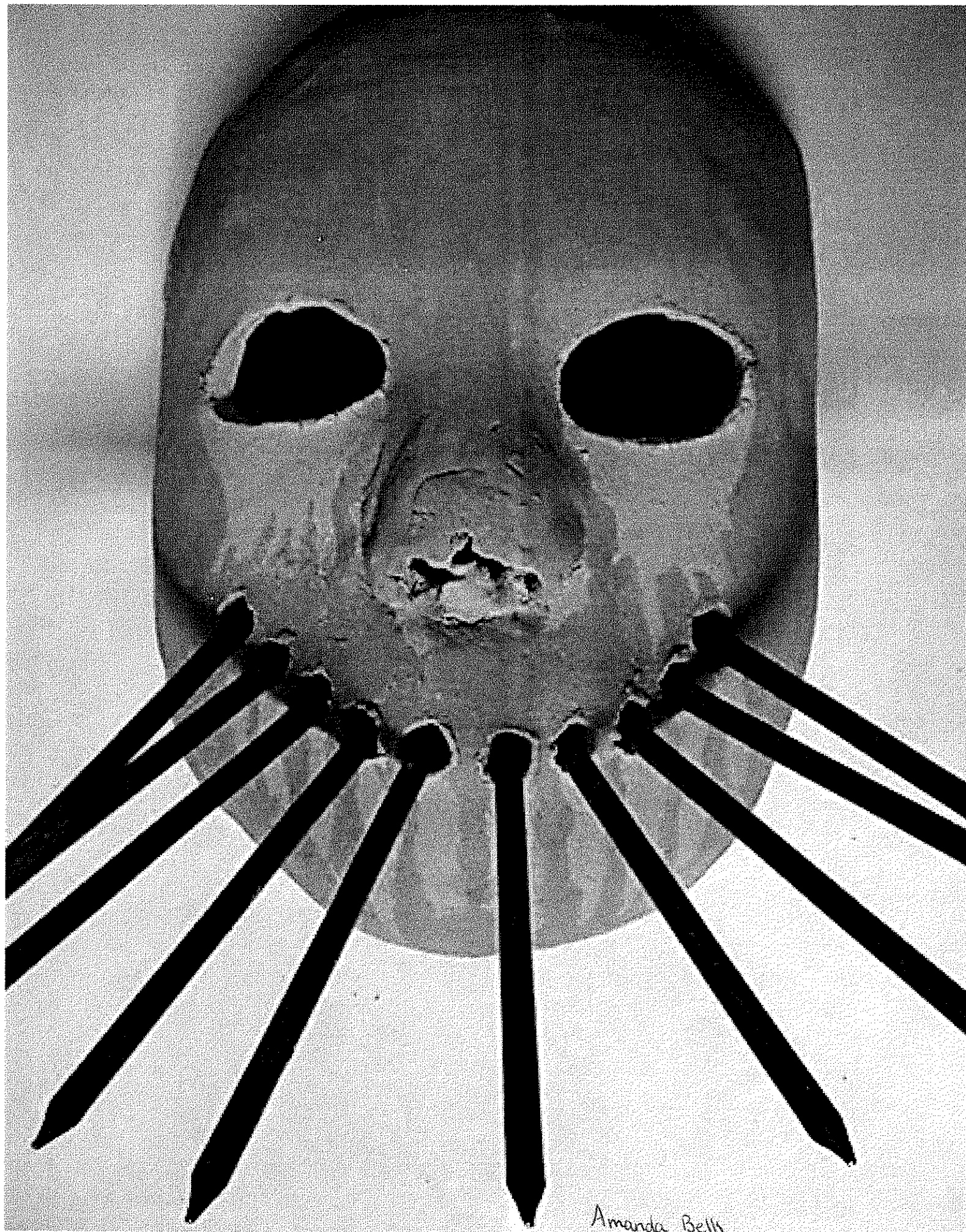
His arms are colored with blue and black  
And those holes in his jeans have never seen a patch.  
As I wonder where his parents are at,  
He cries like a tiny baby.

He never rides the school bus  
Just sits outside alone.  
Wearing the same old beat up pair of jeans,  
Are they the only one he owns?

His tears they always break me down  
When his parents never came around.  
For this is the very last time  
He will cry like a tiny baby.

I hold him in my arms so tight  
As if to never let him go.  
I promise not to neglect him,  
For this is his new loving home.

A child should never be left behind  
Abused, starved, or forgotten.  
But loved, feed and properly clothed,  
It's a new life which before he never would have gotten.



Amanda Bell

## I Didn't Deserve This

My soul will forever be part of you

I think of you everyday

Hopefully you think of me too

You hurt me mommy

What did I do to deserve this?

I loved you

I wanted to be with you forever

Me and you mommy

It's ok though, I forgive you

I hope to see you someday

I'm waiting up here for you

I know what you did was wrong

But I love you, always and forever

- Reference to Abortion -

# The New Alamo

By Jakob Arana

55 million murdered mainly by mothers.

1973: *Roe v. Wade*, or *Right v. Wrong*?

1.2 kids killed, just 'cause Justice Blackmun said so.

Just a glob of tissue.

[Just what all humans are]

Just so that one can live unburdened.

In this world of unchecked apathy,

The rights of those who wish to avoid responsibility

Outweighs that of those who yearn for liberty.





# Lost Colony

By Nicholas Kramer

In this New World  
We were the first one hundred strong.  
Although the beginning was great,  
Soon enraged neighbors and lack of food  
Forced us home with our fellow hero.

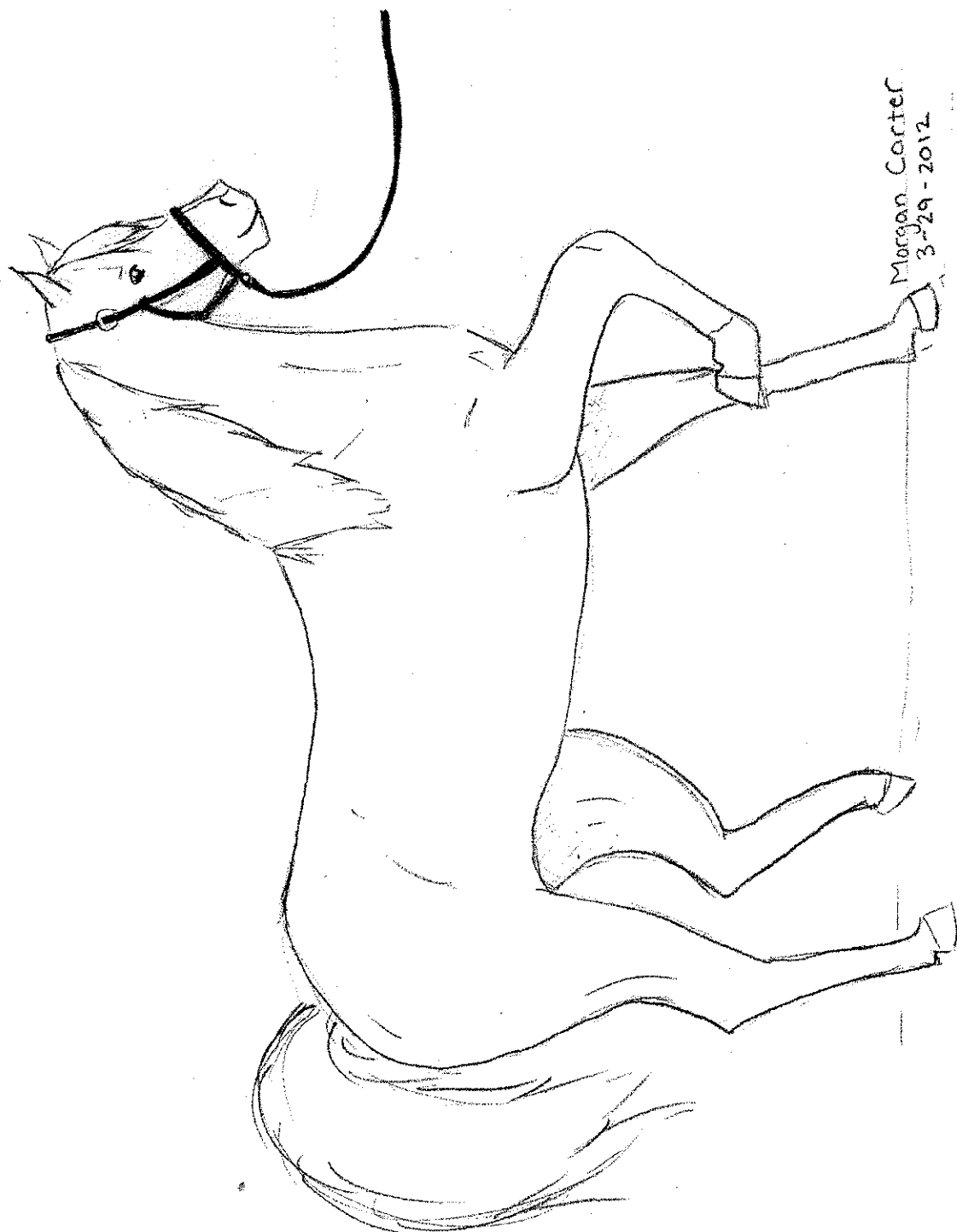
We have lost.

Here to replenish those before us  
We few fifteen are left to claim this land,  
For our great Majesty and friends back home.  
As time draws out, something happened  
But I don't know what.

We were lost.

A fresh start for this little colony  
All started with a ship sent home,  
Caught in the ways of war.  
The return later found the sole survivor  
Croatoan.

We are lost forever.



## Sweet Memories

By Katie Witter

You and I

Together we are so different,

The cause of our pent ambitious feelings

Searching for the burden--A fiend for Love--

He asked me to swiftly stand.

Looking at me from the balls of his feet,

"If you would show me I would listen

Swear that you'll always be in my arms."

We are pulled between lust and Love.

Thoughts, evoked upon enticing memories

Places we go illuminate behind my eyes,

Looking out amidst the city's light

Half diluted hearts separated by crowds,

We thought so many years were left.

Here I know all things exceeded expectations

I cannot start something I can't finish.

Love, when soft voices reveal their feelings

The feelings between us remain all consuming

Though my heart still pulses in rhythm to your lost beat,

As if you were yesterday—I vainly remember.

**DEJECTED PAGES**

MY CORE DETERIORATES  
WHILE I LAY HERE,  
WISHING TO COLLECT MY  
SEEMINGLY  
HUMDRUM THOUGHTS.  
THEY LAY SCATTERED  
ACROSS THE ATTIC.

OH, HOW I LONG  
FOR A WARM HAND.  
FOR EYES  
ABSORBING MY WORDS LIKE  
SPONGES.

MY SPINE CRACKS FROM THE  
YEARS  
I HAVE LAIN.  
MOTIONLESS.  
UNDISTURBED.  
DOES ANYONE VALUE  
WHAT I HOLD INSIDE?  
WHERE DID ALL THE YOUNG,  
EAGER MINDS GO?

I'VE BEEN TORN APART,  
RIPPED TO SHREDS.  
PARTS OF ME LAY ALL ABOUT.  
I DON'T BELONG  
HERE.

I BELONG IN A CLASSROOM.  
THAT'S WHERE ALL OF ME  
SHOULD BE.  
AFTER ALL,  
IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE US  
THAT COUNTS.

## Hidden Secrets

It was just a few years before  
I found where to hide my time.  
Here, thoughts are empty of their lies  
because good just never comes of them.

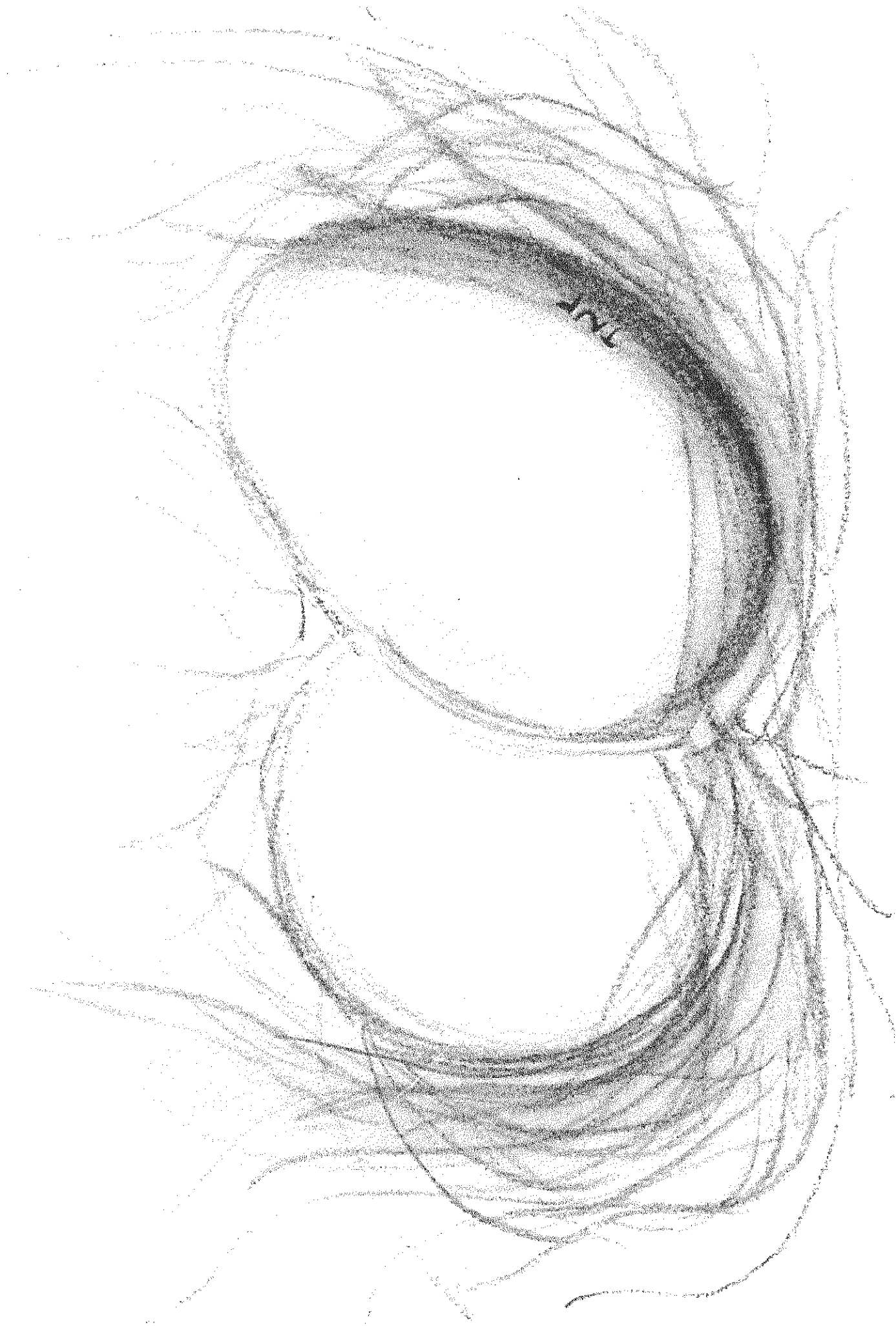
All the good and bad are kept hidden  
wherever darkness and white lies reveal.  
I will never forget why I am hiding;  
I changed an awful thing.

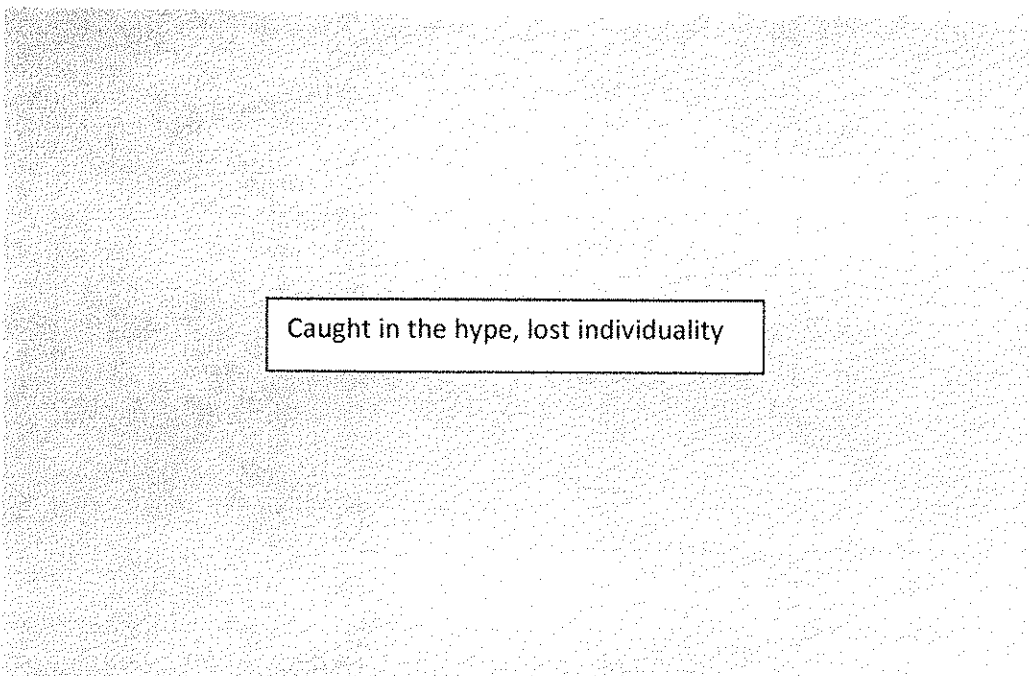
I took my treasured thoughts to mind  
as I am left alone to walk in the dark.  
Secrets have mysteries rather than the truth.  
I longed to figure them out.

My mind was kept free of the truth.  
The secrets are not the lies—I am.  
Many choose from keeping or telling.  
If only every secret was kept untold.

Nothing could be more mystified or hidden.  
I know I can keep or tell.  
Still, the secrets remain concealed.  
She sinks in secrets, deep down under.

They do not exist in my perfect world.





Caught in the hype, lost individuality



The glass on the table shone spotless,  
The lighting was impeccable, the light bulbs  
Had been carved from the belly of a diamond,  
Big enough to swallow up only a fragment  
Of the expensive perfume wafting from the  
Very air in the pristine, marble encased room.  
The women looked like a fantasy, and the men  
Reveled in this room, which served as their rich tomb.

Each champagne glass had only been used once,  
And were to be thrown away immediately after the party.  
The orchestra played pieces hand-selected by the  
Assistant to the assistant to the assistant of the CEO,  
Whose job depended on the frivolity of the night.  
Dance trends for the next five years depended on this.  
Only the finest celebrities, world leaders, and artists  
Were invited to witness the grandeur of wealth's kiss.

It was a festival of large proportion, the crowd was a  
Sea of diamonds, laughter, and champagne. Sharply dressed  
Men spun the world on the end of their watch chains,  
While the musicians coyly frowned in concentration.  
Many men and women went to bed in a fury of passion.  
Their cup runneth over, and onto the polished marble floor,  
Into a luxury bathtub of pleasure, paradise, and splendor.  
There was silver and gold in their hearts, to the core.

The morning came early, for the nighttime guests.  
There were clothes slipped on in haste, shoes shoved in hand.  
The sun rose beyond the clouds, peering in through  
The unstained glass window panes, watching the hurried  
One night loves flee their potential commitments.  
But all it takes is a glance to the beauty of the city,  
Where the rest of the humans are going on with their lives,  
To know that their despair is no one's to pity.

~Ashley Raleigh~

Meet the world's fattest cats.

They believe they should be served

No matter the cost to their surroundings

Or to their servants. They lounge around

Expecting the less fortunate to agree with

Their every statement.

They believe that if something is dissatisfying

To just them it should be denied to all.

Those who abuse the raging torrents

While upsetting the fattest cats will

Take the right to free access away from

All in retaliation. Those who are the producers

Of entertainment demand the great online

Smuggling of their work cease or free information

Shall also cease.

By Arery Bunn



Bird in Tree  
Pencil Drawing  
Emma Wall

## Gold

I am found underground, and everyone wants me.

I am shiny and I can be made into bars.

I am only for the rich and famous but the poor crave my yellow gleam.

I have seen it all and have been to many places.

I have survived the test of time and withstood the fury of man and still live in infamy.

I have been through countless wars and still live on in the vaults of the world.

I have little value but men and women fight day in and day out.

I am kept from the poor, but am flourished by the rich and wealthy.

I am well protected from the grimy hands of the lower  
classes and put into rings and placed upon the unscathed hands of the wealthy upper class.

- Cole Gay

# Uncover The Mysteries Of The Mind

- Allison Coe -

# Diamonds in the Rough

Kacie Moeller

They are diamonds in the rough,  
But so little and so poor,  
Their whole lives they must suffer,  
Since they can't be given more.

In an area so stricken,  
Yet, always so forgotten,  
Hope is all they have,  
Until their daily portion's gotten.

Everyday always seems the same,  
As the rumble within them  
Continues louder and louder.  
The noise inside never seizes to end,  
And the pain never relapses.

The feeling's so agonizing,  
And very hard to endure,  
For a new home and food,  
Is the one and only cure.

These young hopeful souls,  
Need cherished and loved,  
By some wide open arms,  
To be forever hugged.

# Abducted Innocence

By Katie Witter

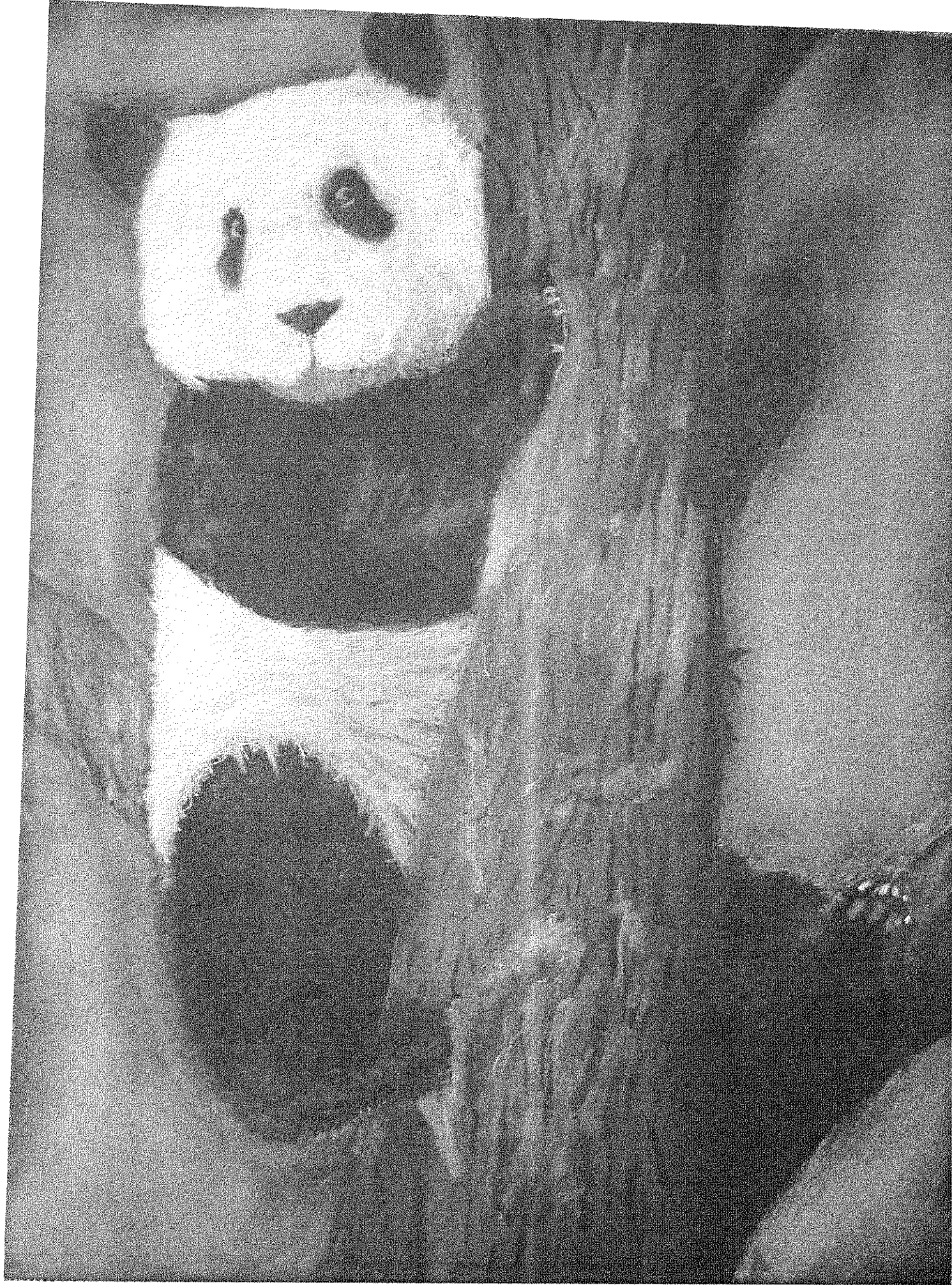
My body  
Wounded and tired.  
Tired of the fighting.  
I lay here, waiting for you to disappear—  
The room is filled with your shuffling to leave.  
I am silent.

This silence won't stand any longer.  
These wounds you made to my body  
They can never be cleaned,  
This needs to change—Right here, Right now!  
My naked body  
Lies in devastation  
From the ever so recent happenings.  
You as a man think it's okay to do this to someone?  
This is not acceptable.

You deserve worse than incarceration,  
Yet I know that is the only consequence.  
You ignored my words of denial  
With your forces of false passion.  
You kept going—  
While the words that were coming off my lips—  
Whimpered Protests  
The simple words  
But this wasn't so simple, was it?

I closed my eyes,  
Pretended I was home. Away from this ugly place.  
I thought maybe—there would be a way,  
To take my innocence back  
From the dirty, elusive hands that misappropriate.  
With a memory I can never erase.  
I lie here—  
My body,  
Wounded and tired.





## Sharp Armed Animals

By Zach Wilford

For years I have stood and  
Watched the peaceful valley below  
Retain its youth through the delightful dances  
Of the water and animals of spring.

For years I have sheltered these poor creatures  
From the harsh rains and winds of mother Earth.  
It is within my shadow that these creature  
Call their home.

For months I have watched strange animals  
With sharpened arms and torches  
Make their way across our land  
Murdering my once old friends.

For days I have watched for the  
Animals that use to call me home.  
But they never came.  
Only the strange ones did.

For hours I waited, helplessly  
As everything around me turned red and fogged.  
The sharp armed animals below swung through each of us,  
Until finally they approached me.

For minutes they circled me like they had the others,  
Pointing and yelling things to one another like a group of wolves  
Before the pounce.  
Finally the creature lifted his arms and placed them against me.

For seconds I stood in pain.  
The man's razor arms cutting through me  
Like a bird cuts through the wind.  
With a thud! I landed upon my shadow.

## **The Plague of Unrelenting Apathy**

**What bothers you?**

**What gets you going?**

**What makes you weep?**

**What ignites your rage?**

**Do you even know what it's like?**

**To acknowledge that something is so important that it requires every ounce of your dedication, your voice, your actions, and your soul?**

**I doubt it. You have no hopes. No dreams.**

**You sit, unmoving, plugged into your synthetic reality.**

**Led to believe that how much you care can be expressed in likes, upvotes, and shares.**

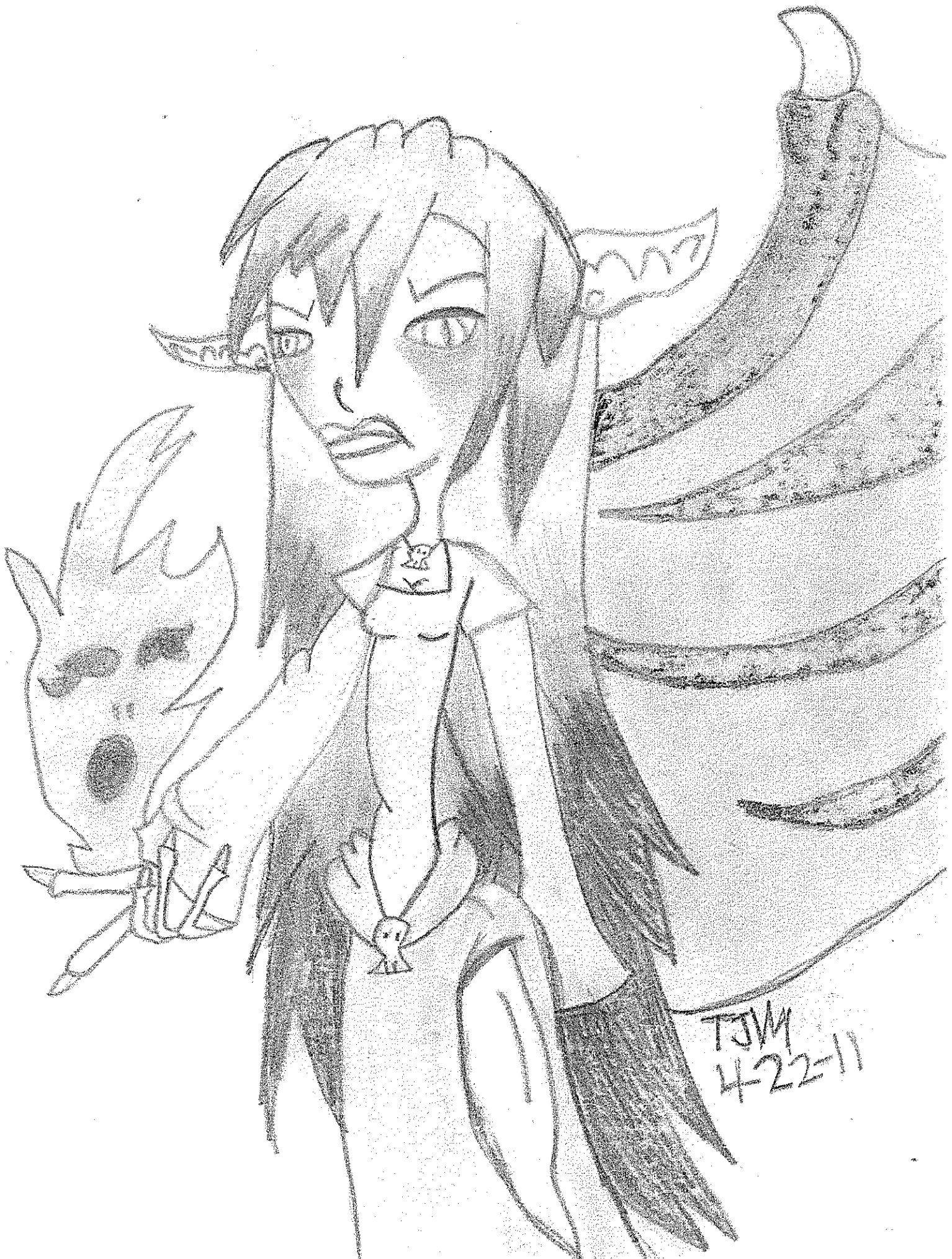
**Here's some news that won't make your front page,  
it can't. You're just wasting your time.**

**And whenever you think you're having an effect  
whenever you think you're protesting  
whenever you think you make a difference,  
It's a lie. A fallacy. An illusion.**

**An illusion of power created by this decadent age we live in.  
Snared by its bribes and lures we believe we have actually accomplished  
something.  
But we have not.**

**The things we claim to have fought valiantly against, and slayed mercilessly  
are but one head of the ferocious hydra.  
Cut down one and many take its place.**

**The path you're on is a journey of grievous error.  
Hellfire awaits those guilty of sloth.**



## Social Epidemic

By Ryan Scott

Drugs are the bird flu of the young generation,  
They swoop in without warning, spreading like a raging storm  
They spread through contact, from one ill soul to another,  
They prey on the weak of mind and the quick to conform

The symptoms are far worse than that of a simple flu,  
Drugs are a parasite inside your mind  
They drain your brain of skills and abilities,  
But never leaves your empty husk behind

And yet here they are with wild abundance!  
Leeching off the souls of those too weak to protest, too far gone to care  
Being offered to children like candy on Halloween!  
This is a social epidemic, and yet we're still unaware



## *The Stakes are High*

*You see that you leave for work two hours early everyday  
You see that you come home later and later each night  
You see your children only when they're asleep  
Will you change?*

*You hear the change clinging and clanging in your pocket  
You hear the slot machine turning and rattling  
You hear others around you winning  
Can you resist?*

*You know how much money it is costing your family every day  
You know deep down you have the will power to stop, but  
You know you could win tomorrow  
Do you care?*

*They see where you spend almost all your time  
They see their family being torn apart  
They see how much you care  
Is it worth it?*

*They hear you sneaking out late and early  
They hear that you lost once again  
They hear of a separated family  
When will you realize?*

*They know how much they've lost  
They know the money is gone  
They know it is all your fault  
Where is your family?*

*-Jessica Day-*

## **Not Standing for Unrighteousness** by J.D. Pumphrey

This society of unfair prosecution

This world with no compassion

This place where the government rules...behind our backs

This earth that only shows love to those who look to deserve it

These states united show untrustworthy characteristics

Those people who undermined others

That imbecile that thinks he's invincible, as of a lion stoking his prey

This running into unknown places, not knowing if we can help

This needs an option, as for Trayvon didn't have a choice

But we won't stand for this

We will make this right

We will make a difference

We can do something about it

We will enforce the 10 amendments

We are able to protest

We can wear our hoods up

We do feel for Trayvon Martin

We are Trayvon Martin, we are the people



A War Against Two Kinds  
— By Jessica Cox

Fighting for our country,  
fighting for our rights.  
Soldiers.  
Taking the lives of others,  
while risking their own.  
Soldiers.  
Sent over to find the peace,  
being buried unable to rest in it.  
Soldiers.

A group who pickets funerals,  
because America accepts Gays.  
Protesters.  
“We all pay our own way,”  
“God hates America, God hates Gays.”  
Protesters.  
Relying on the First Amendment,  
to simply make others mad.  
Protesters.

# Voice

By: Cecelia Behnke

There is suffering and madness  
all around me.

Will someone hear my voice?

Of people with hate and greed  
I no longer look to.

Will someone hear my voice?

Talk of Politics and Wars  
and such.

In a World controlled  
by government.

Too many problems...  
Lots of time to spare.

Don't know what to do.  
But I just want someone  
to hear my voice!



The Sad Truth  
Kevin Meyer

I am a pessimistic cynic.

I wonder why people think I care about their thoughts or actions.

I hear the constant flow of vulgarity and ignorance coming from the mouths of my fellow humans.

I see the way that the world becomes a worse place to live day by day.

I want to be able to change the way people think; a hopeless effort.

I am a pessimistic cynic.

I pretend that I will have some sort of impact on the world; that I will be remembered.

I feel hopeless when I know that this is not to be.

I touch the objects around me, acknowledging that they are nothing but decaying matter, like everything else.

I worry about the events I see unfolding, realizing the change I could see in my lifetime.

I cry when my mind slips into a depressive slump, an unfortunately frequent occurrence.

I am a pessimistic cynic.

I understand that my species will cause irreparable damage to this planet, and has no intention of stopping.

I say nothing, for I realize how little influence I truly have.

I dream about my future, and the inevitable sadness it will bring.

I try to see the good in things, but alas, this is not how my mind works.

I hope that someday, I will be able to find the happiness I desired, gained, and lost.

I am a pessimistic cynic.

*Amelanchier  
laevis*



## Destiny

By Zach Wilford

I sat alone like the moon  
Watching animate figures love.  
Myself? A human without affection.  
Until out of the summer sun she came  
Swinging her luscious hair in the summer breeze,  
She descended like an angel  
From the horizon of heaven.

Where the despair once sat with my soul  
A new fire swelled within.  
Like a jolt to a paused heart  
My hopes had been rekindled!  
Desire oozed into the far corners of my mind.  
Like a woman just married today,  
She bounced toward me with glee.  
It was exhilarating to witness.

Her voice graced my ears  
Like a robins sweet song;  
Just one word and I was not aware of anything else.  
Oh, how the rising tension for her grew  
Like a leech feeding off a host.  
There was no point fighting  
This love that mended my soul.  
Like a prophecy two thousand years in the making,  
Our meeting was as destined as the sunrise.



*She is a Survivor*

*By: Lita McNeill*

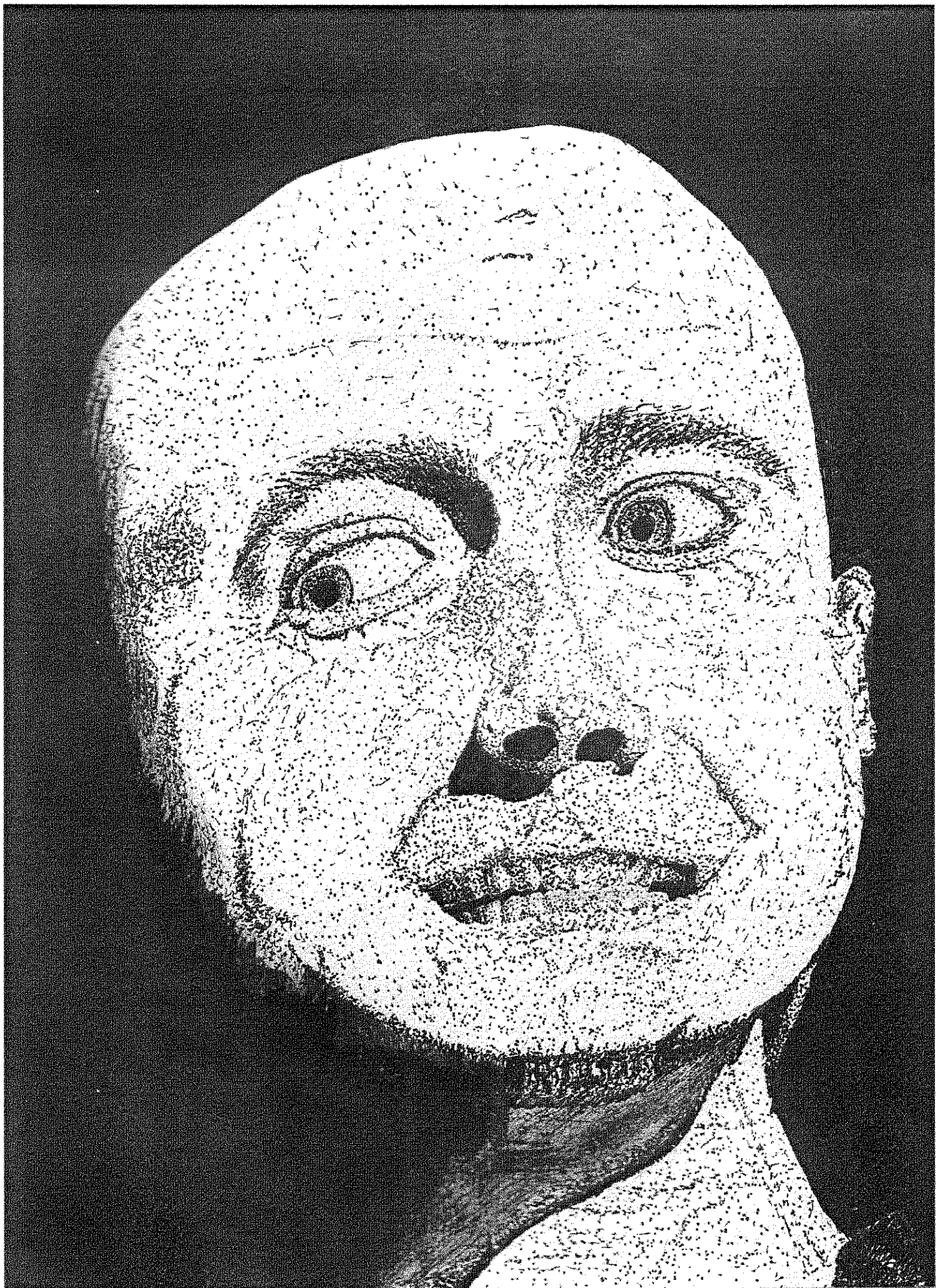
She was so helpless,  
She was so hungry,  
She was not sure what was going to happen.  
She is my Great Grandma.

She had no money,  
She had no home,  
She had no food.  
She is my Great Grandma.

She searched for scraps of food,  
She searched through trash cans behind restrants,  
She searched down the bread lines  
She is my Great Grandma

She was part of the one fourth of the population, who lived on a farm,  
She was to get a job like the men,  
She was one of the five million people who were unemployed.  
She is my Great Grandma.







# GRANDPA

Grandpa, it is a word of many meanings to the world.

For some, it means someone that you are simply related to, or a man who is the father of a parent.

For me, it does not mean only a relation, or just another random face in the family, but it is the name of the person whom I love with all my heart.

Grandpa is the name of the person whom I share many cherished memories with, and a person whom I look up to.

We are there for each other during both happy and sad times in our lives.

Even though times may be hard, we still find happiness and comfort in each other.

And during the times of happiness, the times that we share laughter and smiles, we make these times still better yet with a warming hug, a friendly conversation, or even just the fact that we are with each other.

Even though you are not physically in this world, you still remain in my heart, and you always shall.

I can still find comfort and happiness in the memories that we created together, the priceless memories that will last me a lifetime.

Just know that I love you, Grandpa, and I always will.

Until we meet again in the Eternal Kingdom of God.

Katelynn Rheingans

## **He Writes Through Pearl Harbor**

**Beneath the branches, far down by the trunk**

**Lie many U.S. soldiers, still asleep.**

**It is 7:55 a.m. on December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941**

**One soldier lays awake with a journal.**

**Before...**

**He writes of fear and stress,**

**He writes about the loud noises and the darkness,**

**He writes surrounded by his drowsy comrades,**

**He writes quickly and smoothly,**

**He writes to document his days.**

**Then...**

**Vroom! Enemy planes zoom above,**

**Swoosh ! Bombs fall from the sky,**

**Boom! The bombs explode,**

**Whoosh! The planes sweep lower,**

**Vroom! Swoosh! Boom! Whoosh!**

**Silence.**

**After...**

**He writes of joy and the truth,**

**He writes about the future and love,**

**He writes surrounded by thoughts of his family,**

**He writes teary-eyed and shakily,**

**He writes because it is over.**

**--Jessica Day--**

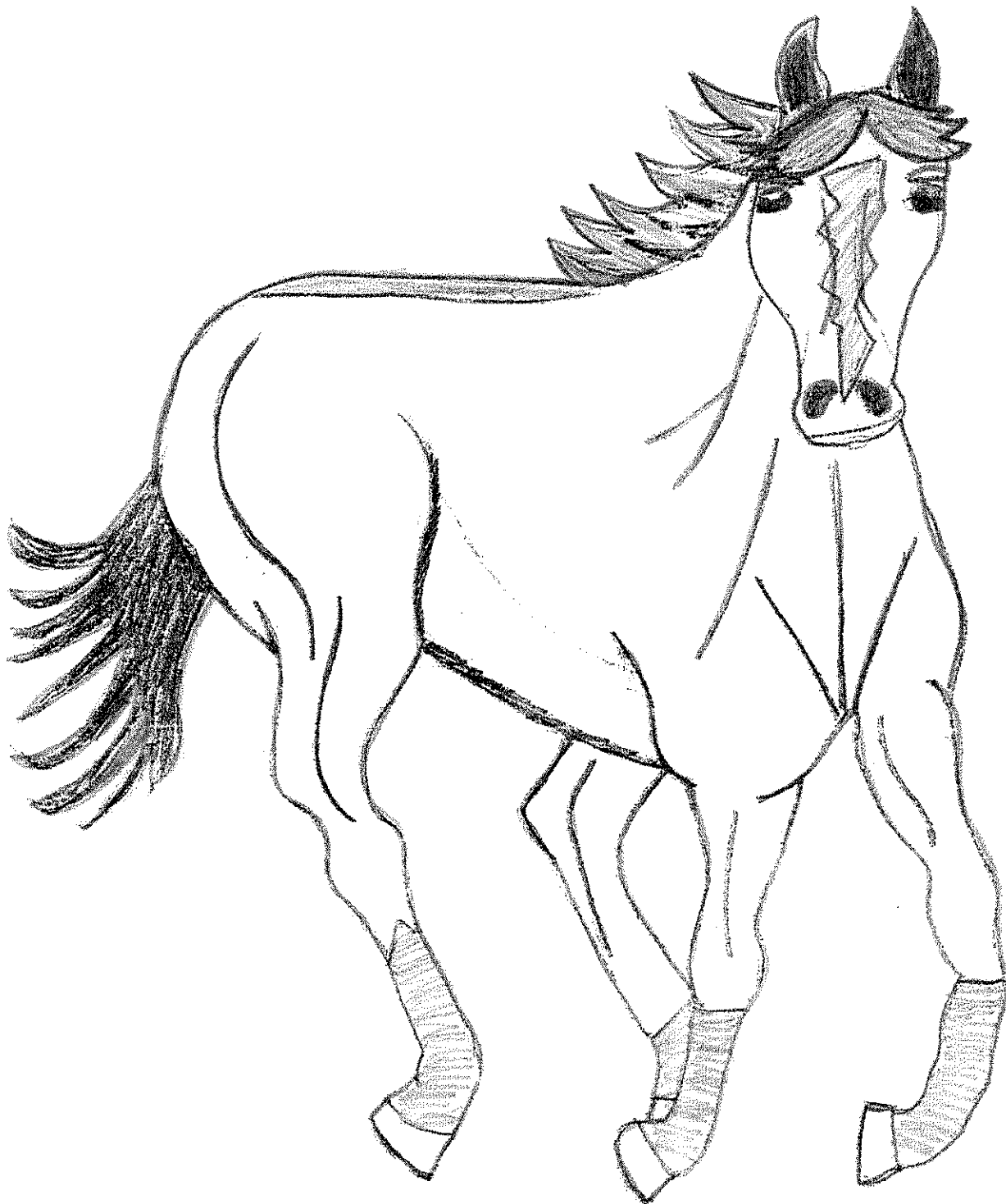
Tree

Here I am, tall and proud.  
I'm indestructible, I have no doubt.  
I've gone through the toughest storms  
Embraced the sun's gentle warmth,  
And here I stand with out-stretched arm  
Ready for the world.

Suddenly I break...  
I'm no longer tall and proud.  
My insides rot away as I lie helpless.  
I know my life is ending.  
I know my strength is done.  
As creatures begin to live inside me,  
I start to realize...  
My purpose has just begun!



Cecelia  
Behndze  
11th  
grade



Hustled

The excitement is excruciating

Air fogged over with smoke

The dogs are panting,

With their tongues hanging out

The fox is new to the table

Bulldog being known by all

They know he is able,

To cause the fox's fall

The fox can see his fate

This is not what he had planned,

For a start on a first date

He wanted the dog smoked

But he didn't know his name

For this was a mistake

Because the bulldog runs this game

The fox wasn't even a heartache



Flowers

Photography

Emma Wall

Rosy cheeked

Determined

Hardworking

Farm Girl

--- Cecelia Behnke

Coccyz  
Bohrle





## Chores

By Carlie Mullins

Feed Elly first, but watch your back because she's not used to people who aren't me in there; you have to check the water every morning because Elly's neck is too short to reach the water if it's not full, the horses have long necks so it doesn't matter to them; but Elly shares the tank with them, so make sure it's full; we'll only be gone two days so you'll only have to check the chicken water once, be careful of the duo of roosters—they will attack you as soon as you turn your back; *where do I get the water?*; you can get the water for all the animals from the hose in the back of the house; don't forget to turn it off when you're done; also don't forget to fill the rabbit waters and their food containers; you can find rabbit food in the metal garbage can on the right side of the barn, the chicken feed is in the same sort of container, but on the left side of the barn; the grain for the horses is in an old freezer between the chicken and rabbit food; but the horses only get grain in the mornings and hay at night; Elly will get hay in the morning and at night; the hay is in the yellow barn, but be careful when you feed because there are two different types of hay in there; don't feed the two because the horses will not eat the cow hay; Elly will eat the horse hay but it's too rich for her stomach and she will have liquid poop for a few days; after you have everyone for the night, close up the chickens and make sure all the gates are locked; *so you get any wild animals out here at night?* Of course we do but nothing more than raccoons and coyotes, but as long as the chickens are locked up in the coup those critters won't bother us—the horses outweigh them by a good thousand pounds; the critters aren't hungry enough to take on three horses plus Elly; did you hear about the mountain lion in Clinton County?

## If I Smell...

If I smell like carrots, that means I was feeding my Rabbits.

If I smell like bleach, that means I was cleaning cages.

If I smell like a wet dog, it means I got myself wet.

If I smell like poop, it means I missed the wheelbarrow and hit me instead.

If I smell fresh and clean.... That means I took a shower!

-CECELIA BEHNKE

**I am a stunning flower,  
An Outhouse Hollyhock  
Now at seven feet tall,  
I shade, I see all, I thrive.  
My caretaker enjoys my zesty aroma.  
I enjoy the gentle brush of fingers,  
Upon my blooms and leaves.  
They flush with delight.  
Creepy crawlies are dismissed  
My caretaker smiles.  
But a car door shuts.  
I see her grimace, I agonize.**



**Four years later I am dying,  
There is misery afoot.  
My caretaker has died.  
By her own hands.  
I cannot extrapolate why.  
I endured this act.  
The window turned a deep, vibrant red.  
A cackle sounded hereabout.  
Sirens wailed. I am disquieted.  
That woman caused this.  
This is my final fantasy as I fade.  
I hear her. No more do I agonize.**

**~ Melissa Storey ~**

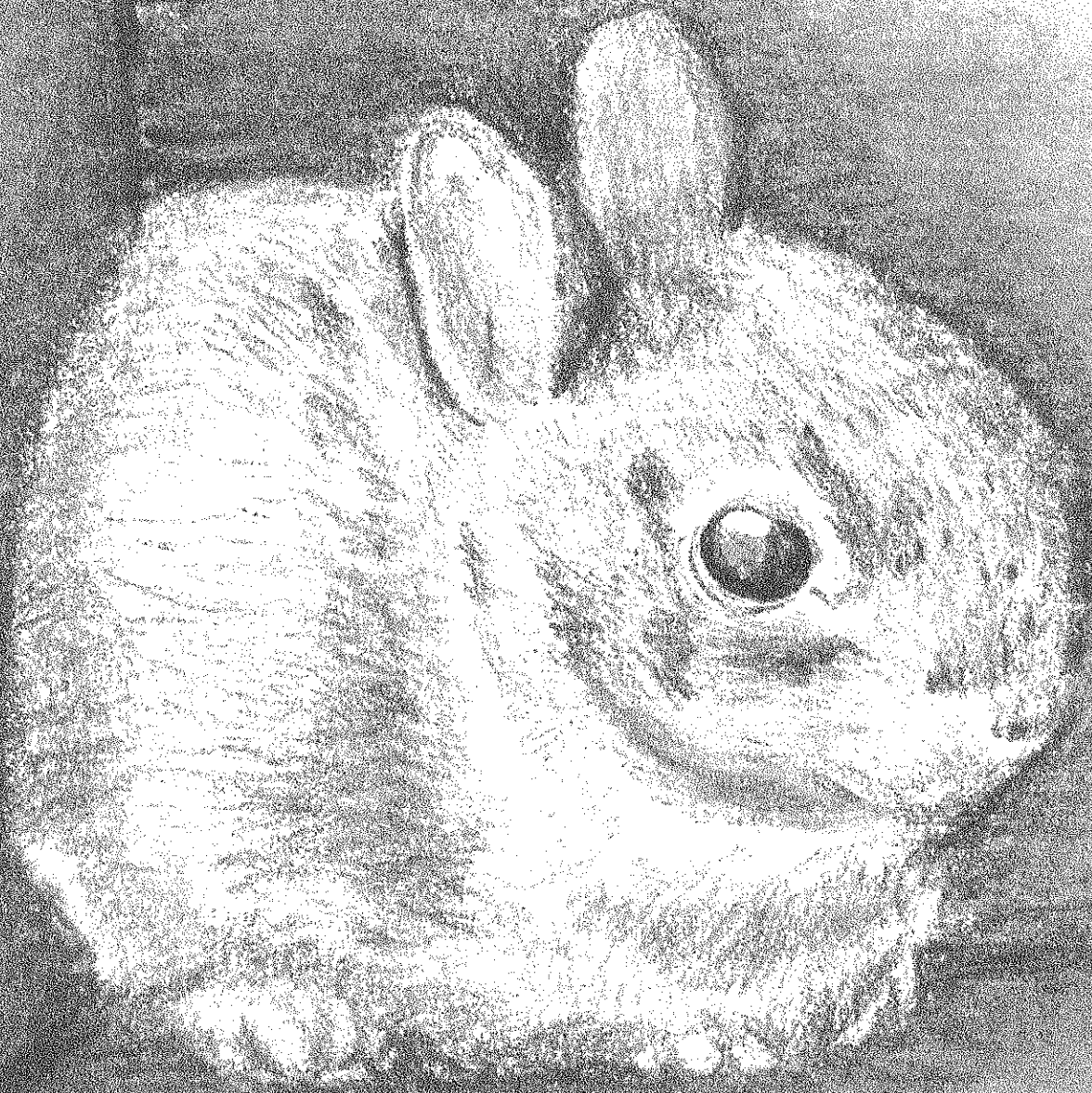
# Searching

I am a baby bunny  
Soft and fragile.  
Frisking around, I try to find my way---  
Blind as a bat I stumble to find  
Nourishment whilst mislaying balance.  
Searching for my one and only source---  
My mother.

As the weeks pass by, I transform  
Into this young adult.  
My ears are still small and wiry;  
My nose a little pink dot.  
Now being able to see,  
I look at the world around me;  
Fully engrossed in nibbling a carrot, I think of nothing.

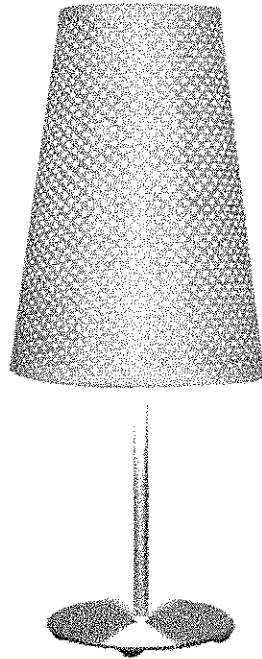
As the weeks turn into a month,  
I become a full-fledged adult.  
Looking at my friends around me;  
I look for a mate.  
My eyes come to rest upon a rich, chocolate, colored buck.  
We look at each other---  
Our whiskers tingling and noses twitching fast.  
I now know that am safe---  
Safe at home.

Cecelia Behnke



TM

Nichole Meeks



Lamp

I stand in the corner  
plugged into the wall,  
waiting for the moment  
you hit the switch,  
and let me illuminate  
the pages of your book,  
the light blue  
through a thin lampshade.

Morning comes,  
and as the sun rises  
I become unnecessary.

## Vase

I am shiny and discreet

I hold the most beautiful things on earth

No matter how you look, I will hold you

You may be real or fake, I will hold you

You may be prickly or barbed, I will hold you

You may be green or blue, I will hold you

I will touch you with care

No matter the scent, of roses or tulips

I will hold you

It may be me that holds you all together

I see the truth, you are wonderful by yourself

You do not need me

I am useless

But I am not afraid

I myself can be as beautiful as you

You will be picked

For you all mean love

By: Jessica Pestka

## Music Box

My outside is honest and cold  
Glossy wood, intricately designed  
I keep the beauty locked inside from you-

**Safe**

Such a music box, unique and unweathered  
meant for the passing between generations  
knowing not of evil, only of music  
Only of the beauty that is myself.

Much time has passed, many generations have heard my music and felt joy.

I lay here now, **BOXED**.

No longer simple and new and sophisticated.

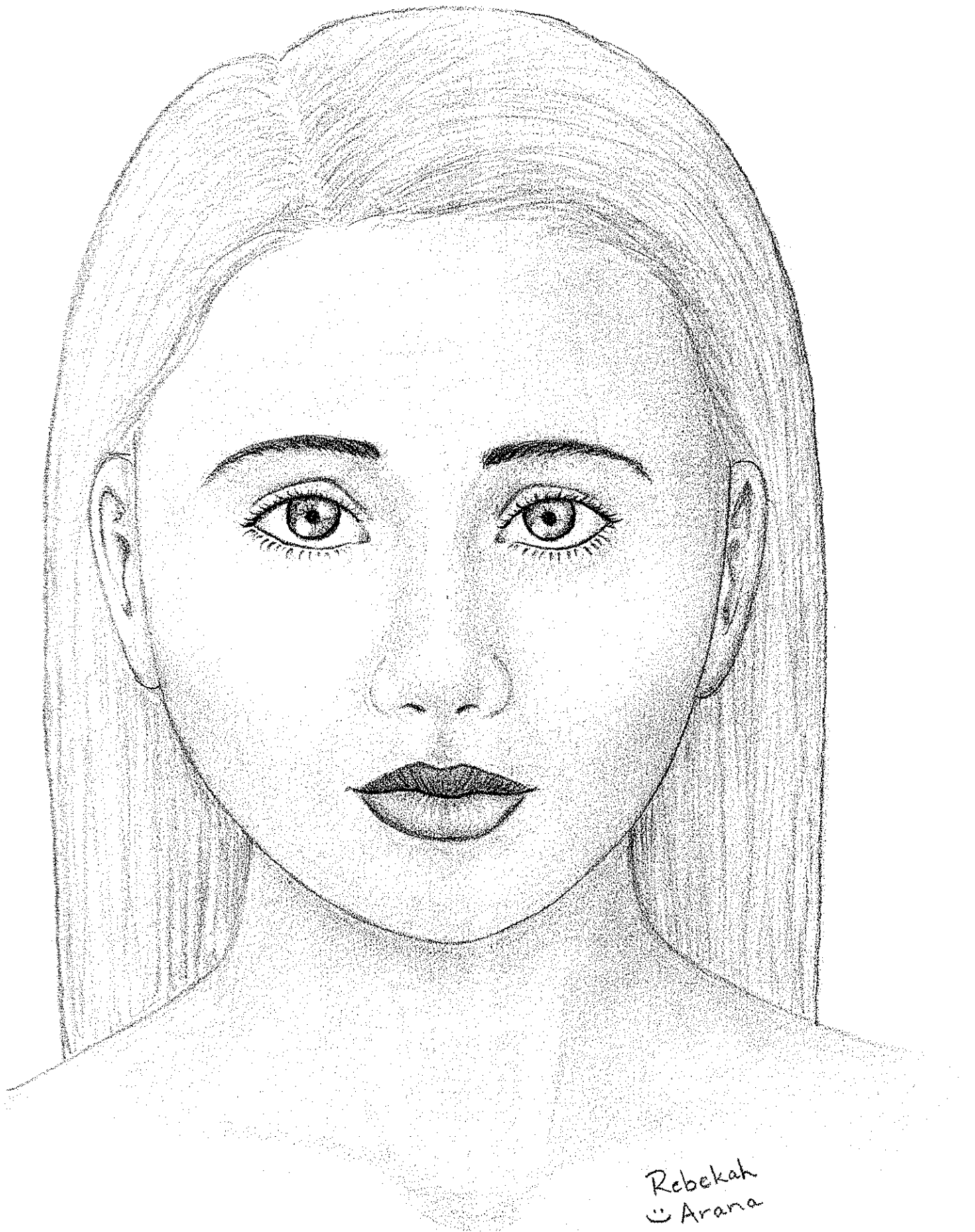
I am unraveled, music robbed by them

My worth is shut away, forgotten-  
to sit among forgotten toys and lost

*over.*

- Tabby Roberts





Pause and Flash

By Zach Wilford

I am a pause and a flash. I am an instant Immortalized.

My memory is limited, but it

Can be cleared.

I am embarrassment. I am success.

I capture what you want me to see,

But not always what you remember.

I am your childhood, I am your retirement.

Everything you are and use to be

is all I know.

I am your possession, I am your time machine

I am the camera sitting by your side.

## Walls Without Color

Everybody sees me as ugly.

They call me names and taunt my looks.

What did I do? I just stand

Patiently and enjoying the teacher's lesson.

For she is sensitive to all mankind.

But with that gentle voice,

Comes with a sharp tongue.

For even she likes to stab

And inflict fatal wounds.

Even though my color is dull,

It doesn't mean that my inside is bland.

But my feelings is farther greater,

And I will never be hurt

By those who dislike me.

-Erik Melchert

## Dark Night

Be happy your visitors are on your porch.  
Never be mean to your great friends  
For you are lucky.  
A buddy, would heal me greatly.  
I heard a cat's meow  
Piercing the night.  
Another animal asking for attention?  
I observed the loud and midnight black cat.  
While darkening the house with the firsts leaps of night  
I decide to let it in.  
But even if with my cat and my dark house  
I am alone.  
If alone, I shall die of boredom you know.  
Curtains will hide the night unless I hasten  
And add light to this unwelcoming place like  
When the birds tweet, which they will in the morning.  
I see my visitors upon my own porch.  
Did you come to see my fluffy friend?  
So venture closer to gaining a new friend.  
Please savor this time and the Halloween candy.

Emma Hubner



*Tomastukia*  
*Wyman*

# House

*By Tabby Roberts*

The day they moved out it fell apart-

The colonial at the end of the road.

Magnificent architecture,

Weak frame.

They dressed it up for all the holidays.

Always having the best décor.

But under all the glitz and flam something was missing-

A Soul.

No one ever understood why they left.

Just assumed that they found a better house,

In a classier neighborhood.

But that is just the assumption.

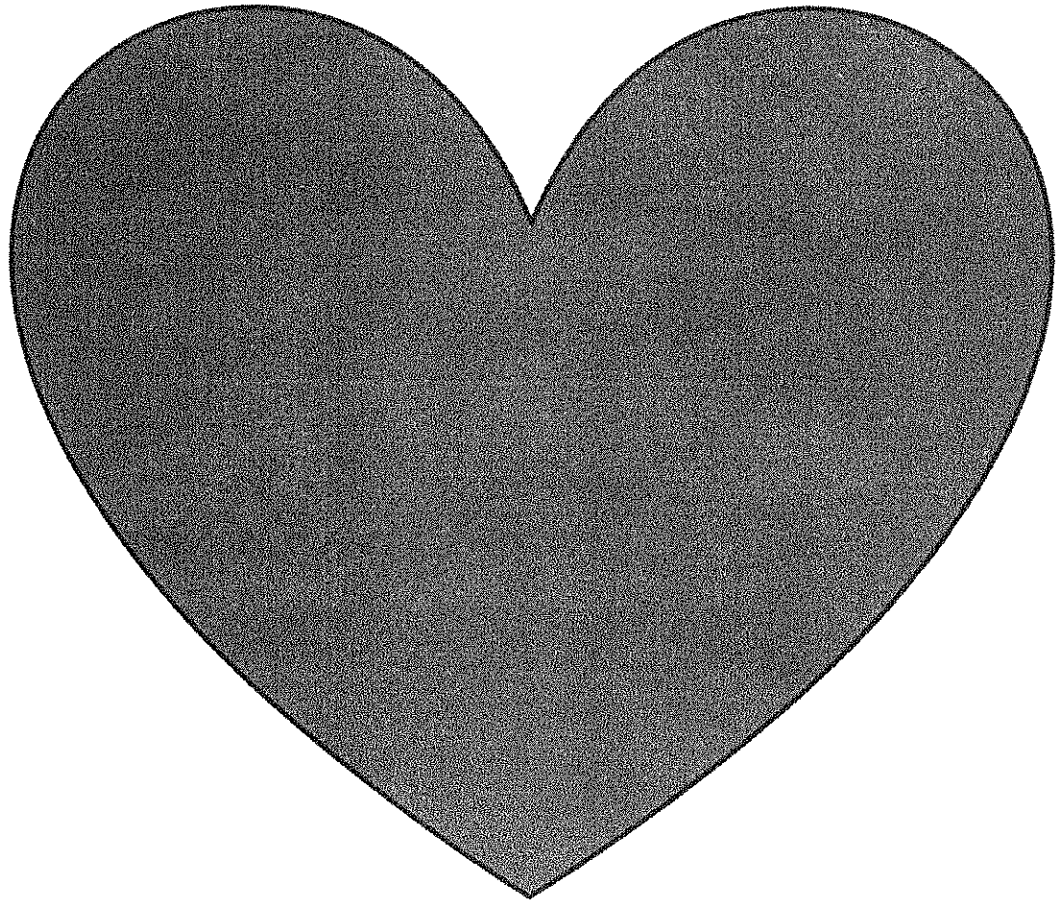
Rumor has it that someone new is moving into

The colonial at the end of the road.

They plan to fix the frame

So that it matches the magnificent architecture.

*In One Heartbeat,*



*All Can Change*

*By: Athalia Osadipofaniyi*

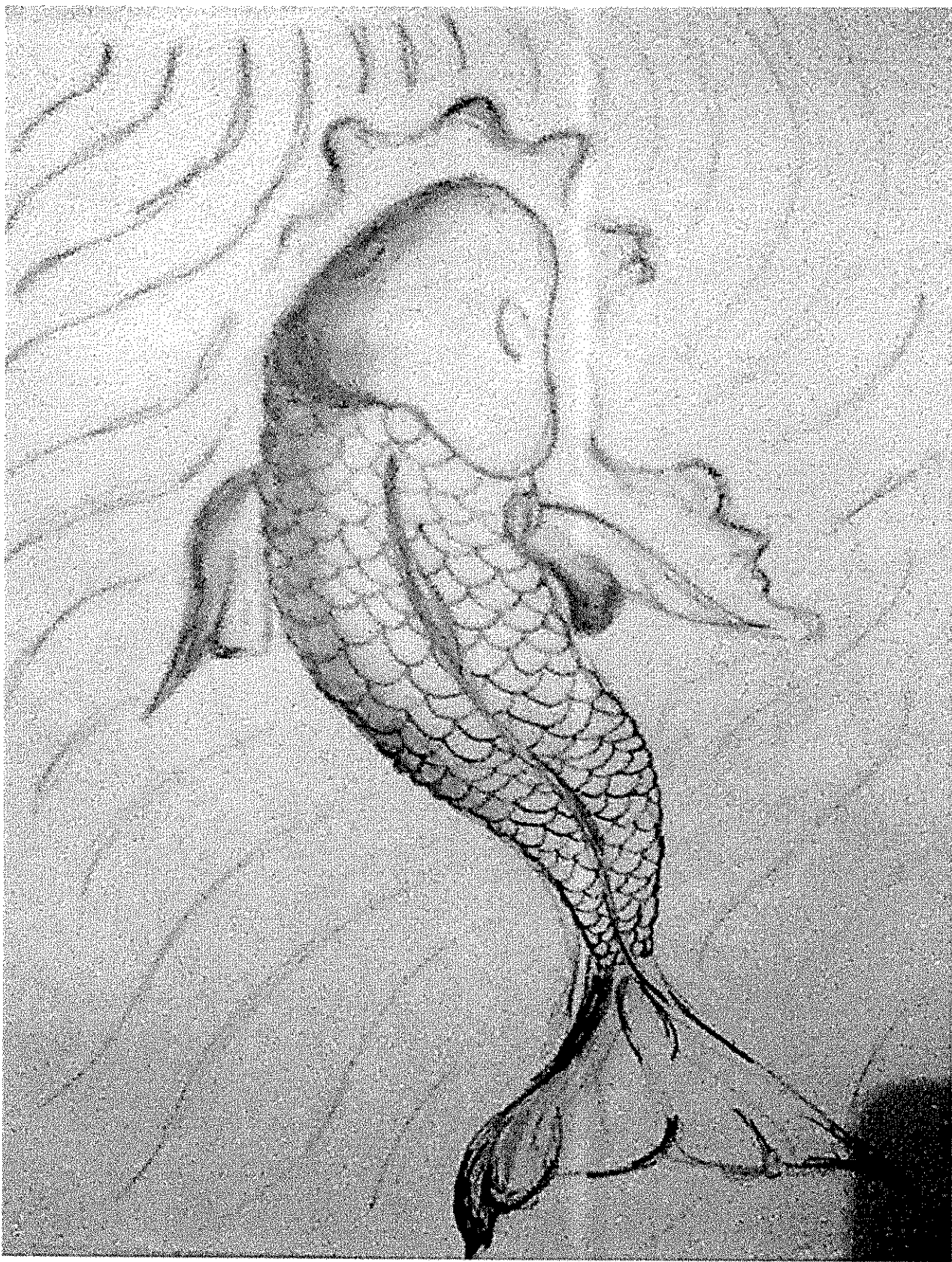
Stephanie Dailey

## ***Forgotten You***

*Love was tougher than I expected  
I try to ignore him like a forgotten memory  
However, as I lay here, my memories are all I have of you  
No matter how unpleasant and brutal our past may have been,  
I remember the good times, I remember the laughter  
You told me about the future you had planned for us  
He had the smile to warm and lies so convincing  
It seems as if he put on a mask that smirks, and then lies  
I was starting to recognize the shattering I felt within me*

*I meet so many dishonest people; I just do not know whom to trust anymore  
His lies are more destructive than anyone I know  
Like a knife that pierces through my heart  
I thought to myself; should I leave first and make him walk the road alone?  
There will always be that guy who somehow just steals your heart and holds hard  
And he was the one. Why? I will never know  
I myself, have the curiosity in what I saw in him  
And if suddenly you start to miss me, do not bother looking for me  
For I have already forgotten you*





Koi Fish

Pencil Drawing

Emma Wall

# Healing the Broken Soul

Dancers twirl and swim in puddles of light.  
Lying in the dust, I watch them suffer then  
Leap into the air.

With body trembling; my heart leaps for joy.  
I can feel my pulse run through my veins like  
a river flowing through them.  
With white trembling fingers, I sit scampering  
trying to write.

Suffering from this dark abyss, I  
finally wrench free.  
In the early morning a blue jay announces a new day.  
The homes are filled with musical laughter...  
The people filled with joy.  
Singing around the blazing campfire; we  
Sing strong to keep our spirits going. Gazing  
at my reflection in the mirror, I notice how  
much I have changed.

Sitting in a chair, I try to comprehend  
my thoughts.  
Culture is urgent for great downfalls...  
Asprin is urgent for the straining brain.  
Thinking on this, I realize that life slips by faster  
in anxiety and stress.  
I stiffen and my body becomes rigid  
until someone touches me lightly...  
I turn around and realize its my mother.

"Think joy when sorrow fills your heart"  
my mother tells me.  
I look around me; loved by family  
and friends...  
We no longer live in silence.  
I realize that in our most brilliant  
healing... There will be no more  
deep wounds.

--- Cecelia Behnke

*A Silly Love Poem*

*Carlie Mullins*

*I am a devoted romantic*

*I wonder if everyone has a soul-mate and where is mine*

*I hear silly love songs and whispered I love you*

*I see the gentle touches and hidden smiles*

*I want a cliché love story...with a happy ending*

*I am a devoted romantic*

*I pretend that Romeo and Juliet grow old together*

*I feel my heartbeat quicken when I know they will kiss*

*I touch my lips in anticipation at the end of every romance novel*

*I worry that I won't have a perfect ending*

*I cry when Rhett leaves Scarlet*

*I am a devoted romantic*

*I understand that life is not a movie and I may not get a Cinderella moment...but I always wish*

*I say, no, I sigh when I know they lived happily ever after*

*I dream of destiny written in the stars*

*I try to put silly thoughts of romance out of my mind*

*I hope that my glass slippers fit*

*I am a devoted romantic*

## *Compassionate Performer*

*I am an emotional musician.  
I wonder what the composer thought when they wrote the music.  
I hear myself trying to perfect the musical details.  
I see a movie in my head that the lyrics create.  
I want to be whom the composer made the song for.  
I am an emotional musician.*

*I pretend to be a different person that can portray the composition.  
I feel the emotions pouring out of me throughout the song.  
I touch the hearts of those who also understand the music.  
I worry that I may come out of my musical character.  
I cry when the emotions take over my thoughts.  
I am an emotional musician.*

*I understand the music I sing.  
I say the lyrics as if I wrote them.  
I dream to be equal to those who mentor me.  
I try to be part of the song.  
I hope it is right.  
I am an emotional musician.*

## **I am Not Perfect**

I am artistically inadequate.

I wonder about placement. I hear the bright colors.

I see the perfect place. I want to undo it all, but I can't. I am artistically inadequate.

I pretend like it didn't take me two hours. I feel like I could have put something somewhere else.

I touch what could have been. I worry I won't achieve perfection. I cry when something's in the wrong spot.

I am artistically inadequate.

I understand that it's not *that* important.

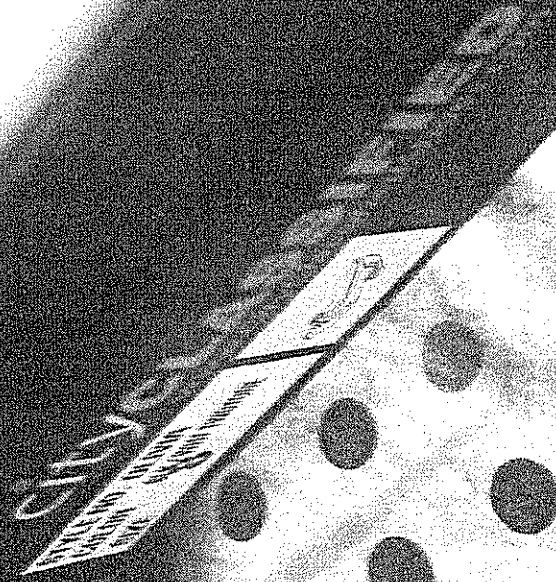
I dream of that perfect piece.

I try to make it the best that it can be.

I hope it will all be ok.

**I am artistically inadequate.**





Lydia King

## Play the Drum

Pick up the sticks; hit the drum like this; hit it again, and again; right, right, left, left; faster, faster, faster than your hands allow you to go; now read the music; can you read it?; it's not that hard; this one sounds like this; these ones sound like this; and these ones are counted differently than those; do you see that little three?; that's a hint of what these notes sound like; now the tempo; click click click click; start it again; faster this time; no, follow my tempo; stop rushing; now you're dragging; *Then what am I supposed to do?*; follow my lead; move your feet; up, off the ground; higher; not that high; left foot first; 1, 3, 5, 7, line; now you're starting to get it; no, you have to play it correctly while you're moving; your feet don't match the beat; your feet are dragging; faster attack; listen in; open up your strokes; no, like this; loosen your grip; now it's too loose; hold them like this; follow your lead snare; be aggressive; *I'm playing as hard as I can*; play harder; you can't trade sound for correct notes!; now you're overplaying; can't you ever find a happy medium?; you're starting to tear those sticks apart; let me tape them for you; you sounded good tonight; now practice next week's music; I know you're busy with homework, and attempting to be social; this comes first; what do you mean your grades are dropping?; it's not my fault; maybe if you were a better player, you wouldn't have these problems; play **into** the drum; no, like this; stop daydreaming and focus; this is what matters; why can't you play this?; did you even practice?; you need to start caring—now; it's easy; give me your sticks; stop texting her and watch me; ignore the sticking on the page; bring out the accents; if this isn't more important than your homework, then just quit; you're such a good player, just **play**; now it's your turn to be the leader; are you ready?

**SOLD MY  
SOUL  
TO  
THE  
THEATER!!**



**BY: CECILIA BEHNKE**



*"Choose your talent carefully; for it may determine your future, as well as your person."*

**My craving for stardom is unbearable.**

And this moment where the clock is ticking ever so slowly causes a rush of fear and excitement through my whole body.

On this day, the sunlight is shimmering full of rich gold lights to help my motivation

Because of all the excitement flowing through my mind.

But you must keep in mind; nothing is as you prepare yourself for.

There are many directions my journey may turn from this point onward with opportunities and options flourishing.

Although the outcome is unknown, I must hold still, prepare myself.

This may be the time where my emotions fall fearlessly from my face **splattering across the floor.**

This moment had been breath-taking.

**Everyone around could feel the emotions bubbling over.**

**Had this been an illusion, I would be grateful to live it forever.**

And then I tried to imagine, once I had left my comfort zone, *how would I be forced to change?*

**I had to remind myself, "Try to remember everything you have gone through to get here."**

And at the end of the day, you learn that everything has its own place, and you must determine yours.

But don't forget, as far as judgments go, yours is the only one that should matter.

**-Caitlyn Rath**



## Frustrated Student

Madison Temperly

I am a frustrated student

I wonder about more than I need to on nearly everything I'm taught

I hear the cogs churning in my brain as I slowly begin to grasp a new concept

I see the teacher explaining a lesson and wish she would slow down

I want good grades and a sense of reward

I am a frustrated student

I pretend I understand something when, in reality, it seems like a foreign language

I feel frustration when assignments, one after another, begin to pile up

I touch the right-click on the mouse, and then refrain, as I build up the willpower

to stay off of Facebook

I worry if I miss as little as one class I will be forever lost and confused

I cry when it all seems to be too much to handle

I am a frustrated student

I understand the need to be well-educated in today's world

I say the best answer I can give when called on in class

I dream of the day when it all starts to come easily to me

I try my best to understand and get the grade I think I deserve

I hope one day all my hard work will finally pay off

I am a frustrated student

*Graceful Dancer*

on a

*bumpy road*

*[Jordan Jones]*

## It's More Than an Ear, Nicole

Lydia King

If you lose the button on your jeans, lay on the bed and safety pin them back together; this is the sleepless night you might endure the day before you leave to go to the Warped Tour, the festivities you've been waiting for all summer long; *But it's winter!*; music festivities can be found all year round; this is the cheap CD you might purchase titled "Childish Things"; you've got to be joking if you think piercing your own ear is a good idea; the heat your head endures while battling off an unpleasant flu; extreme sinus infections that are like trauma for your nose; don't get your nose pieced if you're sick, the professional will surely make fun of you for coming in sick and piercing your own ear too; use natural oils to take away your scars; use olive oil to cook your pasta; order Italian Sodas with auntie when she comes to visit, but when auntie comes to see you her jaw will drop when she notices what you've done to your ear; try not to let your tongue hang out while checking out attractive boys; while attending concerts be careful near boys in leather jackets, your now festered stud might get caught if you hug; *the boys I hug wear cotton*; well, they can still get caught in the seams; pair over stitched jeans with converse; always paint your nails accordingly; use nails to hold together wood—even wood with blemishes; remember all skin types are prone to flaws and you'll be sure to have one if you pierce your own ear; earbuds should be used to sing to your head, not others'; remember you're not to listen to your music devices in class; *what if the teacher lets us?*; whatever, just pay attention, you're going to need an education to make up for that infectious monster you've more than welcomed to your head.

The Trapped Sole

By: Kari Moeller

It's pitch black.

The aroma, musty.

Time has passed

Since I last saw light.

I'm used to relaying, skipping, running;

Not being wedged in a cardboard box.

I yearn to frolic in the grass,

While leaves shudder in the breeze.

My sole aches to be with the team.

It is so bright.

Heaven appears when I see stadium lights.

I stride to the line,

I'm ready to go.

The gun goes bang;

I move like a gazelle.

The crowd goes wild; not for the runner,

But for the shoes who carry him through.

Team—we all stand as one  
Without all of us TOGETHER, we have no chance  
Knowing—you still have hatred  
What have I done  
  
My skin has done  
Color has done me wrong  
Color  
Just one difference, set me apart

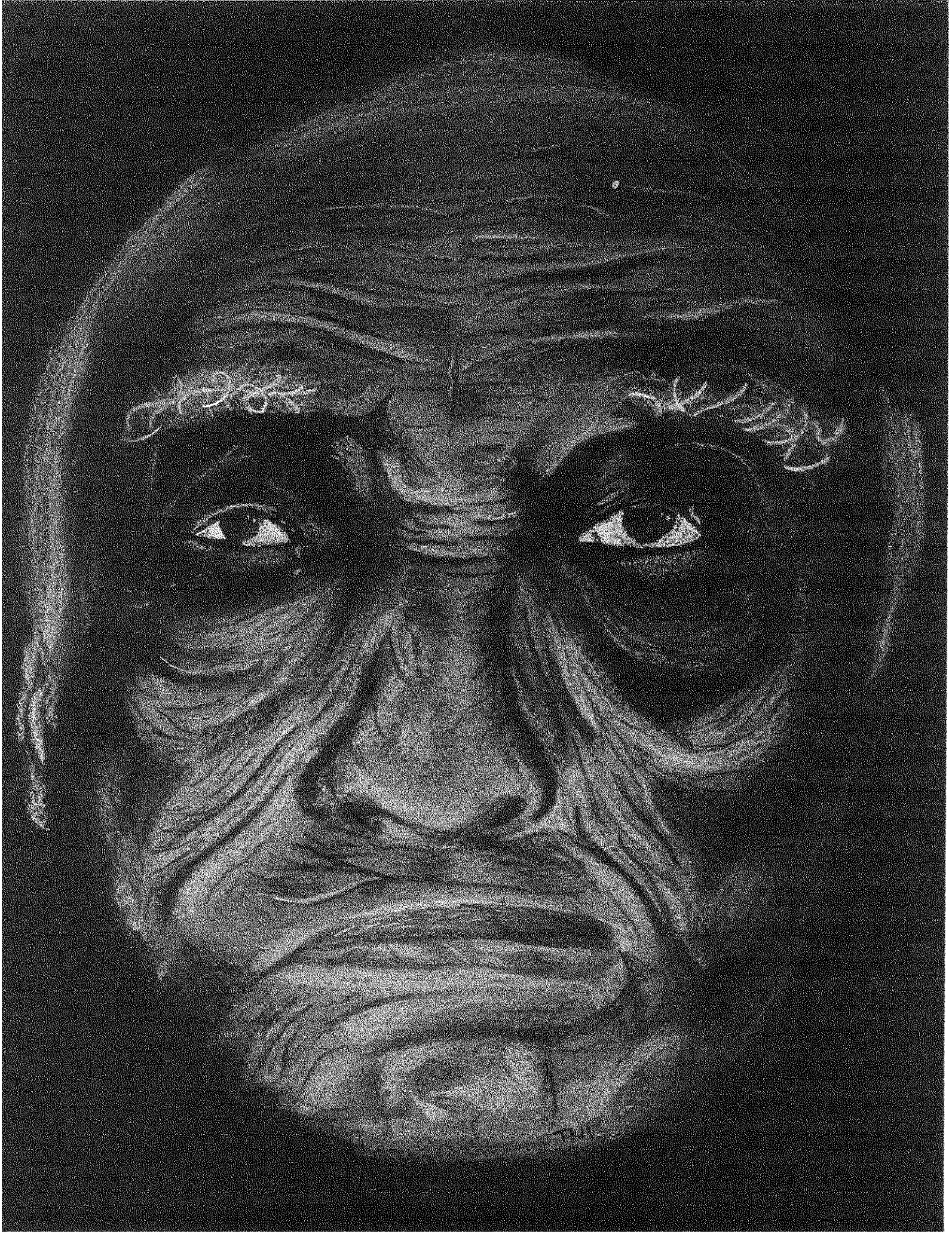
Who are you to judge  
We're the same  
Same sport  
Same passion

I'm set aside  
Me and my color

Now you realize  
We are the same

By Jessica Pestka







## Magnets

By Kelly Kupris

Opposites attract.

Positive and negative

Come together to form a powerful bond.

No single bond is the same, and no single  
Bond is any more powerful than the other.

But some attractions are the same.

Positive to a positive.

Negative to a negative.

Still though, no single bond is any more  
Powerful than the other.

But yet some try to control each attraction.

They control the pull of one magnet,

To another magnet. Guiding the way of each magnet

To what is right:

Positive to negative and negative to positive.

The muscles fight so long to fight away

What is being forced upon them.

Fight the pull of the magnetic field that

Just does not feel right.

In this case, opposites do not attract.

Opposites repel. Each magnet fights for their right,

The right to attract who they want. The right to

Feel equal, as everyone else is.

While doing research I found that they list “*at risk*” children for being bullied...

**No one should be “*at risk*.”**

We are equal.

We deserve to be who we are, **without questions.**

We deserve to live our own lives, without judgment.

Because

We *praise* our personal qualities and traits, right?

**We're happy to be different**, aren't we?

Then how come **kids are being bullied because their different?**

Why do kids have to **suffer** because they have an extra chromosome?

Why do kids have to **suffer** because they think differently than others do?

Why do other people's sexual preferences **matter to you?**

Different qualities should not be *punished, hurt, or even taken for granted.*

**Everyone is different; people should not be bullied for being different.**

We should not care about people's abilities, eye color, body size or anything **except someone's personality** for that matter.

We should accept **everyone**, for all of their qualities and traits.

-Caitlyn Rath



# Holden Caulfield

By Abby Nass

Holden, you have to be careful of upsetting your parents!; they're the ones that pay for your education; make sure you thank them for their patience; don't get angry at your brother, D.B., for his success with writing; he's only trying to make a living; you need to figure out your future, you're going to be done with school soon; make sure you tell your parents you got expelled before Wednesday; please be careful of upsetting your parents, Holden; *They're nice and all—I'm not saying that—but they're touchy as hell*; you can't be the catcher in the rye when you graduate, it doesn't exist!; you have the nursery rhyme all wrong; think of something positively grand to be; you're awfully negative about others; not everyone is terrible; how did you fail four out of five classes?; you need to stop upsetting your parents!; *grand; there's a word I really hate. It's a phony*; you should have more of a respect for your teachers; Mr. Spencer really seemed to regret flunking you; how on earth did you fail four out of five classes?; you have gone to some very good schools; make sure you thank your parents; when are you going to tell them that you got kicked out of Pencey Prep?; you should go to the school football game!; I can't believe you left the fencing team's equipment on the subway; they must have been really angry with you; you need to stop upsetting your parents; *we got on the wrong subway. I had to keep getting up to look at a goddamn map on the wall*; why didn't you go straight home after you got expelled?; it must have been scary to wander the streets of New York by yourself; why did you have to go and get kicked out of Pencey; that wasn't very smart; your final essay on the Egyptians was just terrible; if you weren't so negative about others your life would be filled with a lot more happiness; you should go visit your sister; she misses you; what's it like to go to a boarding school all year?; you should stop getting expelled from everywhere; Holden!; be careful of upsetting your parents!; when are you going to thank them for everything they've done?

(Poem inspired by: The Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger)

## **High School**

**From the first day until the last  
the days pass as time speeds along  
moving faster and faster like  
a car accelerating through life.  
Start by learning what you need.  
then learn some more  
'cause now is the time to figure out  
the rest of your life while  
trying to run, catch, or throw.**

**Money may be important to have  
but so are memories made  
as work is a prison you will be  
trapped in for the rest of your life.  
Do what you can now then the  
Opportunities still last.**

**By: Nick Kramer**

## **Hall Pass**

By Jagger Garrels

I am small, but very important.

I appear to be useful to many kinds of persons.

You write in me, I provide the date.

I help control your homework on a regular pace.

I'm bound together, I don't fall apart.

I even have a map and a mathematics chart.

You can use me for a pass or even to look up the rules.

I contain information that is only appropriate in school.

At the end of the year, you may throw me in the trash,

But remember, I'll always be the infamous book of Hall Pass.

ST

STOP

Michael Hington

Tired,

Need

to

go

to

Bed!



*Can't Get Six  
Word Memoir  
Done.*

**-Koby Hilmann**



## Facebook

Never get on Facebook when you're trying to do your homework, it's a major distraction; when you have children, don't let them have a computer until they are at least a junior in college; when money gets tight, always remember to kiss up to your boss, because they can help you out; when you meet a new friend, don't pretend like they don't exist, invite them over for a party sometime; *but what if I'm antisocial?*; deal with it; if you're watching football with your friends, never forget the dip to go with the chips, and always remember who roots for who; if your child makes a sports team, do everything in your power to make them feel special; if you see a homeless man on the street, give him some money; when the next election comes along, remember what they stand for, and realize what they're lying about; when someone you know dies, show your respect by going to their funeral and saying a few words for them; if you ever visit a theatre, ask someone for a backstage tour, because you might learn something new and interesting; if you ever get made fun of for something that you enjoy to do, just remember, live and let live; try not to play with peoples' hair, even if it's curly and fun, because they might get a little creeped out; *what if they give me permission?*; go for it; if you ever go to see an orchestra perform, make sure to clap extra loud for the musicians, because they are some of the hardest working people on this planet; if you ever study the Harlem Renaissance, don't miss the facts about prohibition; if you ever get a chance to go shooting, take it, it's a wonderful experience and a good skill to have; do you think the world will end in 2012?

By Andy Owings

# More Payments

By Erik Melchert

Wake up at nine.

Put on just enough clothes to look decent.

Get to my favorite spot.

Buy the best game out there pre-owned.

Take it back home and insert it into the disk slot.

Hit multiplayer.

What the heck??!!

When did I have to pay more money to play online?

I already pay sixty dollars just to play online as it is.

States that pre-owned copies need to pay ten more dollars.

Why? This isn't right.

Do they want to make customers angry?

I am not playing this now.

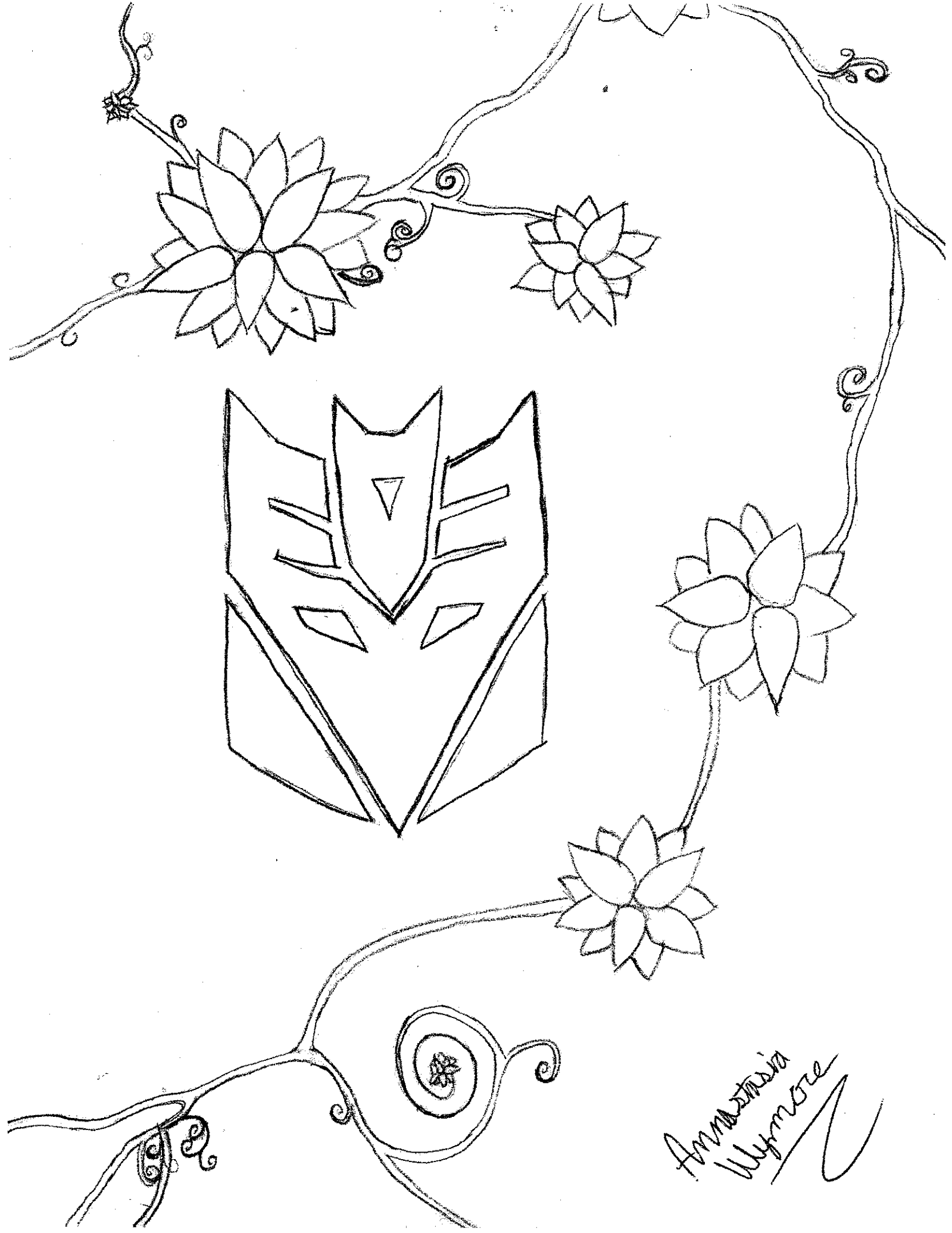
Making me pay more money just to play with others.

Who do they think they are?

All it is doing is making me mad.

No point in this game console anymore.

Looks like free games from now on.



Anastasia  
Wymore

# VIDEO GAMES DIDN'T ROT MY BAIRN.

# In the Closet

I am a (closet) fan of Jersey Shore.

I wonder how much time it Pauly D takes to do his hair...

I hear the drunken tangents and the constant blaring of night club music

I see orange. A lot of orange.

I want the poof.

I am a (closet) fan of Jersey Shore.

I pretend to have that cool *joisy* accent.

I feel the *guilt* every time I watch (after every one is asleep...)

I touch the remote the second I hear someone stirring.

I worry that people will figure out my secret.

I cry (not really) at the thought of Vinny leaving.

I understand... that this is a sick obsession but I can't stop.

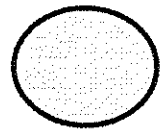
I *say* that I've never watched Jersey Shore... it is a lie... a huge lie.

I dream that one day, I will have the strength to overcome the addiction

I try to stop... every time I watch I tell myself "You don't need this Madalyn... You can do it, you are strong enough". Yeah, more lies.

I hope... I hope that Snooki stays orange and ignorant forever.

I am a (closet) of Jersey Shore.



# Poem in Invisible Ink

By Tabitha Jo Moeller



# I Am The Page

By Ashley Raleigh

It is a little known fact

That I know what you feel...

It is, how shall I put it... it is almost as if I'm reading you, instead of you reading me. It is a little known fact

That I know what you want...

The look on your face indicates that you don't believe me.

# I don't think that's very kind of you.

Take me into consideration please, and write more words on me. And I'll thank you for your time.

For pages were meant ~~For words and pictures~~ They are our greatest love.

Stephanie Kepner

### A Shoppers' Candy

Something delightful, I watch something delightful coming down the street; the mail

I search every truckload I clip, snip, rip the coupons saving them for that fateful Friday

Camping out by Monday to reserve my place in line, my only guarantee

Three days pass; the doors are swarmed on this night

Now I'm glad I have my place in line, the never ending line

For most of them this day won't mean anything, other shoppers complain of the cold and the length of the line, I wish I could convince them to leave.

Like a young girl who writes to Santa I am prepared, I know what I want, I have trained for a long time for this day. My heart is set of the serious sales that are behind the door

I wish they'd hurry up, I can't bear the wait.

Deafening silence filled the air as the doors opened the salesmen fled from the opening; crazed customers crammed through;

People bolt in determined, like hunters stalking prey

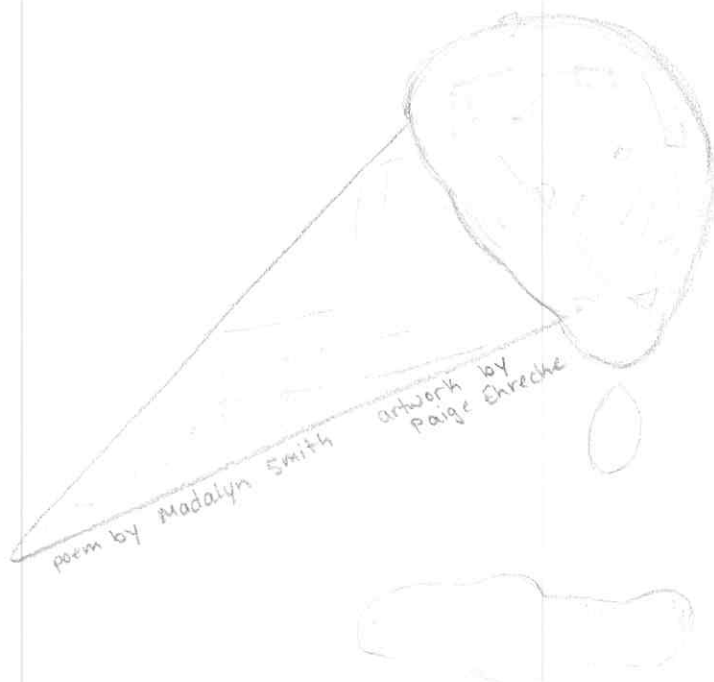
It's time now to win the race we sprint through the entire place

I zoom through destroying display racks tearing down boxes of merchandise trampling shoppers who dare to step in my way the retail workers call me the tornado. The excitement started and was almost too much when I had the sales in my hands victory was mine.

I started with determination, patience, stamina and the greed and discounts possessed me. Black Friday is the icing on the cake a shoppers' candy

# Ice Cream Will Never Be the Same

Carlie and I lounged on uncomfortable wooden benches in the middle of North Park Mall wondering where to waste our last couple of bucks. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon me, and the glory of the Lord shone upon Whitey's. Of course, no one can ignore a sign from God. Also, ice cream and I had been having an ongoing and widely publicized love affair a years, so I stepped in line. While casually scanning the list of flavors, a primeval urge washed over me the second my eyes beheld the name Gummy Bear. My primeval self wanted it and a primeval self wants, it gets. After paying, I eagerly sat down, anticipating my first bite. There was a burst of delightful fruity tang, soft notes of creamy, decadent vanilla, and a quick icy shock. Right then and there I realized that ice cream would never be the same for me, it couldn't. Acquiring Gummy Bear ice cream has become my sole purpose in life, the goal I'm constantly striving towards. Actually having a reason to wake up for has forever changed the person that I am.



# I Am A Dedicated Athlete

By Mitch Bowman

I am a dedicated athlete.

I wonder what the other kid is thinking.

I hear the screams of the fans.

I see the dimly lit lights on the mat.

I want to go out and dominate.

I am a dedicated athlete.

I pretend I am on top of the podium.

I feel the warm air of the gym.

I touch the hard mat.

I worry the other kid is better.

I cry for the kids who are hurt during.

I am a dedicated athlete.

I understand no one can win them all.

I say that I am better than the opponent.

I dream that I am getting my hand raised.

I try to work every move as crisp as possible.

I hope that I help my team out.

I am a dedicated athlete.



## High School Wrestling

By: Keenan Feldpausch

I may give skin diseases,  
So do other sports without proper hygiene!

I can injure one at times,  
So do other sports that involve contact!

I wear down a body,  
So do other activities over time!

I have my cons,  
I can't be dropped!

I develop leaders,  
While benefiting a variety of sports.  
I improve natural mental toughness,  
While teaching self-control, discipline, and dedication.

I show that decisions affect the outcome,  
While proving the effort put in is the result coming out.

I have many more pros than cons,  
I can't be dropped!

## Duel

The gym crammed with the crowd deafening  
And patriotic melody of a soothing song.  
The room becomes dark and tense,  
Had they known better we will never feel victory.  
Then he calls names by weight,  
We will bring honor tonight.

Being the squad's superior fourteen, here  
We seem so stunning  
Along the mat,  
As a family,  
To oppose our idle enemy  
With opposite attire and equal attitude,  
A determined heart and focused mind.

In recent days  
Coaches counsel me,  
For all my former sorrow  
Of the battles on Thursday night.  
As he escapes, I jam,  
Caught, I stopped his point,  
An outstanding triumph from me  
And a close, nail biting duel meet.

Nicholas Kramer

## Dirt, Cement, and a Pink Hardhat

I am a little girl with a pink hardhat.

I wonder how the cement doesn't stick to the inside of the ready mix truck.

I hear the *beep beep beep* as my dad backs up the loader.

I want the new remote control skid-loader.

I am a little girl with a pink hardhat.

I pretend I am driving the paving machine all by myself.

I feel the smoothed, cool, wet cement squishing between my fingers.

I touch the controls of the skid-loader as I close my eyes and imagine myself driving it.

I cry when I can't go to work with my dad.

I am a little girl with a pink hardhat.

I understand working in construction is difficult.

I say "*10-4, over and out!*" on the CB radio.

I dream of roads covered in color and glitter.

I try to work hard just like my parents and grandparents.

I hope I am able to make my family proud and leave a lasting mark on my community, just like they have.

I am a little girl with a pink hardhat.



## Growing Up

By Shelby Ketron

Whenever you make a mistake, come to me first; I won't tell on you or rat you out because, trust me, I have probably made the same mistake; I know you want to be the perfect child and not make my mistakes, but as you grow older, you might make a few; don't give in to peer pressure because, most often, your friends' stupidity will get them caught and you will just get tied up into their idiotic decisions; don't start gossip because I promise you that it won't matter the next week; people lose friends by gossip and that can never be fun; by the way, are your friends fighting again?; whenever this happens, just try to stay out of it-that's what I do; *It's kind of hard to not get into it when it's all of your friends in it*; you know what, you should have a party sometime with all of your friends, it might bring everyone together; I remember when I had a party in junior high and I invited all of the cliques; I think cliques are stupid, don't you?; be nice to everyone and be friends with people of many different groups; in the end it won't even matter; in college you will make a whole new group of friends and what happened in high school won't matter in college; I really want to be in college right now!; I'm hoping to go out of state, because I really don't want to be in Iowa anymore; it's so boring don't you think?; do the best you can in school so you can apply for a bunch of scholarships so you can go out of state; I really want to go to Tennessee, New York, or somewhere else in a good area; I really want to do something in fashion or acting; I would someday like to own my own business of some sort; I'm going to have to work really hard; I need to start soon!; I'll start by going to a bunch of classes, and I'll need money; you will help me out right?; I will get a lot of training; *Who are you trying to help here, me or yourself?*



Carla Schmitt

## Babysitting

Kaitlin Schmidt

When babysitting for the first time, greet the parents with a warm smile and step inside the doorway; greet the little monsters—who can either live up to that title or be perfect angels; introduce yourself to the children in a friendly tone; begin finding supplies to create an easy-fix meal such as Hamburger Helper; even though babysitting can be a hard task to achieve, it is a way to lend a hand to help out others in your neighborhood; serve the food when it is not too hot to be eaten; play games with the children; if games are no longer fun, television is always the secret weapon to having fun; television is like a wand that can magically make any human instantly become attracted to its attention grabbing entertainment; in many cases it can become quite addictive, so limit yourself to a maximum of two hours a day; if the favorite television show is over it is time to go play with chalk, to ride bikes outside, and to attempt tossing around a football; when the games outside begin to make the children tired, go inside and finish off the glass of milk or juice from the fridge; after the drinks are finished and the milk and juice moustaches appear, it is time to pick up the dishes, throw away the half-eaten food and go upstairs to take a bath; bath time can either be a fun time or it can be miserable for both you and the children; when the child refuses to take a bath, bribing is the best option; toys and pajamas are great bribes; without bribes the kids will not want to do what you want them to do because there is no reward for them; while the children are picking out their pajamas, pick out the story that will be read at least three times before the children pretend to go to sleep; help them with baths and never have squirt guns as toys; *but I thought kids liked squirt guns?* ; they may be fun for the child, but when spraying the babysitter is what is considered fun, it is an annoyance to you; with the favorite princess and sports pajamas on, read the story continuously until the children are going to sleep; when the children go to sleep, this is a good time to scramble to pick up the disastrous house that grew over the hours of fun; when babysitting, you can never leave the house a wreck because it shows untidiness and irresponsibility; if the parents think that you are irresponsible, they may wonder if you are forgetful; forgetfulness is not a good characteristic to have; it can show that you are not mature enough to organize your time; if you forget to organize your time, you could forget about babysitting for this family next weekend, making them have to miss their event to stay home and watch the children; therefore, pick up bathroom toys and clean the bathroom; walk downstairs and watch television; walk back upstairs to quiet the children and to ensure they are sleeping; *what if the children are awake?* ; read them the story one more time or until they fall asleep; once again, sweep the house to make sure everything is tidy; greet the parents when they come home; when they hand you a check, walk toward the door while giving them the report of the children; say goodbye and thank you; walk home while checking missed text messages; glance at the check; did they really only pay you ten dollars for five hours of work?

Emma

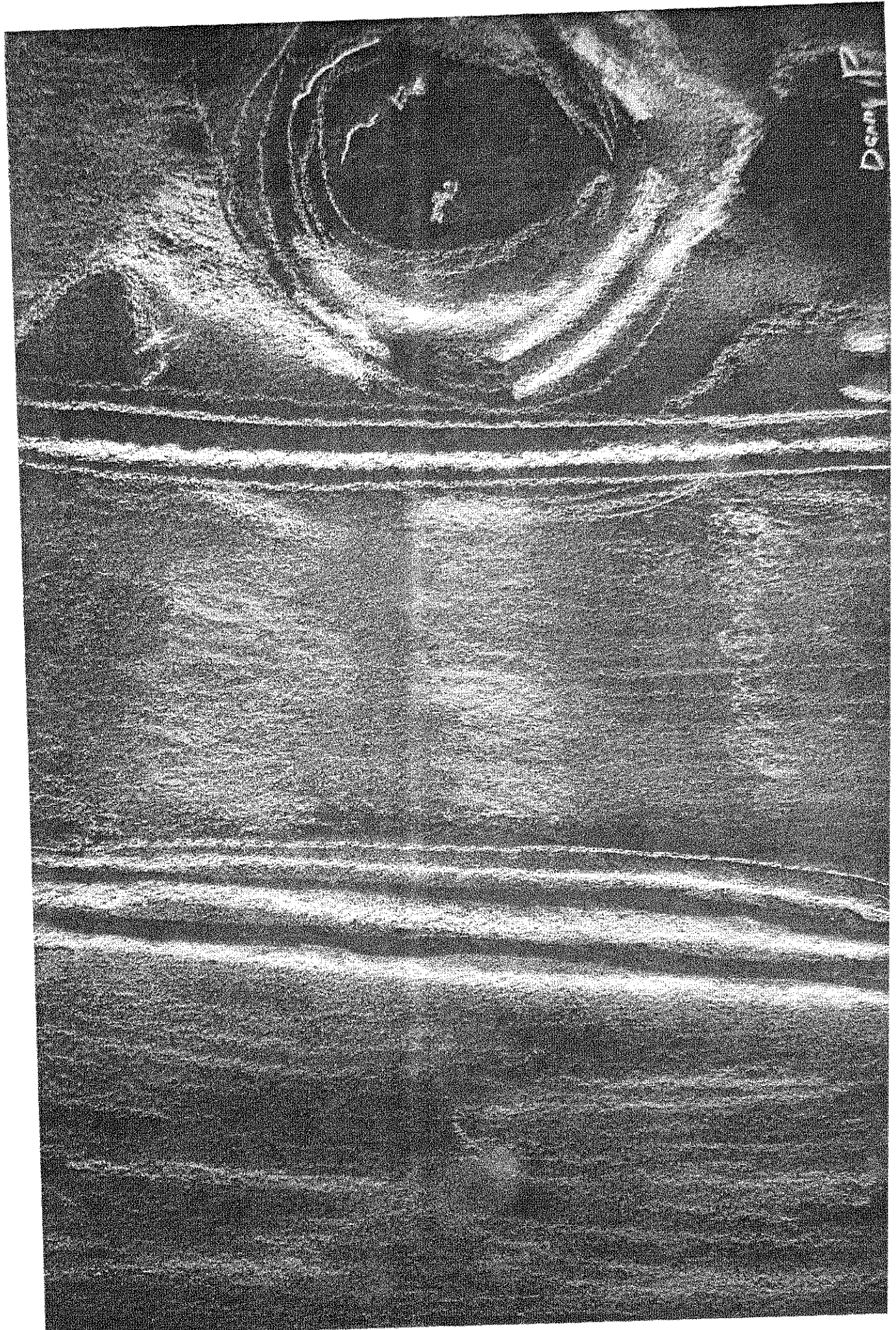
Gaby Morgan

Please don't count your Christmas presents and complain when someone has gotten more than you; remember to count every single Santa Claus at Grandma's house; don't forget to record that number because it is a hassle to recount all of them; don't forget the true meaning of Christmas; don't wear knit gloves when building a snowman; use a coaster with your ice water so you don't damage the wood table; after exercising be sure to drink enough water because leg cramps are really painful; front flips off of tree houses onto trampolines are not a good idea; *didn't you almost break your arm?*; go out of your comfort zone and try something new; when you get something new from the store and want to wear it the next day, don't forget to take off the price tag—it's embarrassing; don't beg for every single thing at the store because Mom will be even more reluctant to get you anything; don't spend all of your money right away, then you can save up for something special; be thankful for everything that you have because there are so many people that are worse off; don't eat too much food at Thanksgiving; write a really funny turkey note for Uncle Mike; when you go turkey hunting, sit really still so that you don't scare them away; don't mess around while you are in church; have fun with your friends; laugh until tears are streaming down your face; laugh until your abdominal muscles hurt so bad that you end up doubled over in pain; make the best out of every situation; in a sticky situation, don't forget that I am always there for help and guidance; don't spit out your gum where there is a possibility that you could step in it; don't feel under the desks at school; try your very best in school because you won't regret it; challenge yourself—do something out of the ordinary; be different; sometimes wear matching socks; please stop wearing my socks; *the right one is mine, I promise*; don't make promises that you know you can't keep; don't keep chocolate hidden in that drawer in your bedroom; *how do you know that I hide chocolate in my bedroom?*; brush your teeth because you don't want cavities; do you know that you are pretty much spoiled rotten?

## Pessimistic: Dark side of the Moon

Always start your day with a smile; brush your teeth so people aren't scared when they see your face; minty fresh—"a good clean feeling no matter what"; Orbit gum is a great gift to give to someone who is having a bad day—like yourself—when nothing is going right; *I am not having a bad day; everything is just fine*; or going left, whichever way you feel is the right direction to go; always listen to your teacher; music is a good way to boost a negative attitude; oh, how nothing ever goes well with a negative attitude; always start your day with a smile; be happy for you were blessed to live another day in this world; *oh yes, because it is a blessing to be in a world that is falling apart in every which way possible*; a big, round, blue and green bouncy ball could make anyone happy; Ron White off of "Comedy Central" is a great comedian; try laughing; doesn't it just tickle to be hit in the funny bone?; *what does being hit in the funny bone have to do with being a downer and having a bad day?*; pain is only a state of mind; in what country is mind a state?; our home is Donahue, IA; farmers drive tractors down the road; corn is ready to be harvested in the fall; leaves are changing colors and winter is coming; it's always very cold, dark, and depressing—only if you let your mind think that way—in winter; there are four seasons in a year; Lawry's Seasoned Salt adds a great amount of flavor to any piece of meat; a cheeseburger sounds really good at the moment; a full stomach satisfies one's self and puts a smile on one's face; being positive truly helps any person enjoy anything in life; *how can life be so enjoyable when nothing ever goes right?*; everything has a good and bad side to it; is the glass half full or half empty?; half empty—of course—because it's easier to view everything in a negative perspective; *well duh, because everything that happens in life has a negative effect towards everything*; the movie "Ratatouille" points out how one little thought or action can change a person's life; the spreading of a microbe caused plagues in Mexico through which Christianity has been spread; AP World History is a hard class; being challenged is the key to getting better; practice having a good attitude and your day will be filled with joy; *what joy comes from sitting in a classroom getting lectured all day?*; at least we are blessed enough to have two ears, a great country with a fulfilling education system, and life with few troubles; always start your day with a smile; my grandpa has a fish that sings "don't worry, be happy now" repetitively; life is too short to be unhappy; *my life is horrible; my parents provide me with every opportunity and always ask too much of me; people care about me and want me to do what's right*; then, for what reason are you having such a bad day?

-Cody Birely

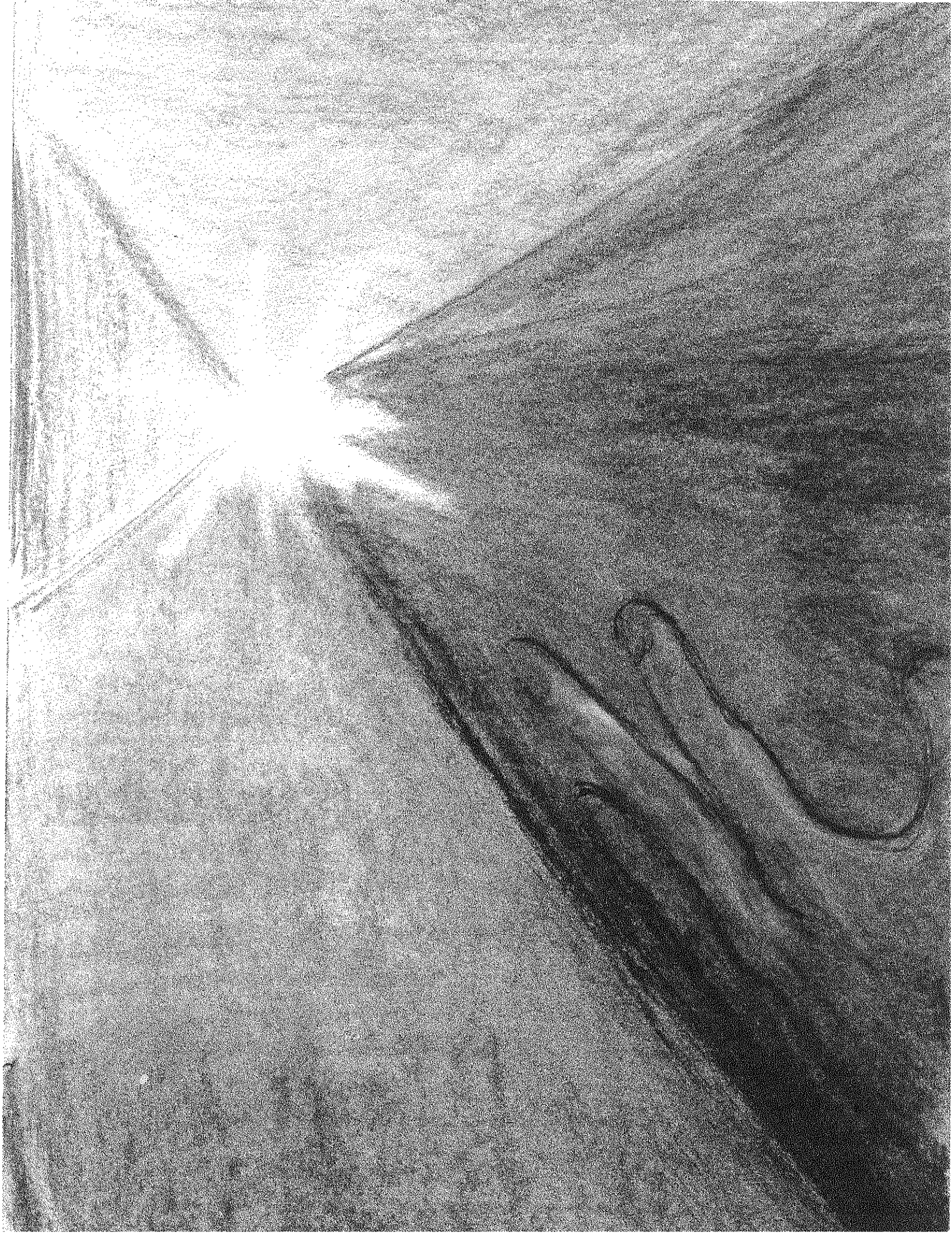


## **Advice to a Son**

**Go to the garage and get me some tools to fix this; get a screwdriver, a wrench, and a crowbar; but do not get a flat head screwdriver; if you do that then we will not have the right tools to fix this machine; when we are done with you will have to go and mow the lawn; this is how you start the mower; this is how you turn on the blades; when you get off you must make sure the blades are turned off or you will get cut by them; *I remember the kid that lost his arm while he was mowing*; while you are mowing the lawn you must make sure that you are mowing in all the same direction or else it will start to look bad; after this you have to kill all of the weeds in the lawn so it will look better; make sure that you use the right stuff or else you will kill the rest of the lawn and I will be very angry with you; after that you need to take out the trash; when you do this make sure that you tie the top of the bag tight so it does not come loose and all of the garbage inside comes dumping out; also when you do this make sure that it is out of reach of the dog, otherwise when you wake up in the morning he will have torn it apart and you will have to pick all of it up; when you are done with all of these chores you are done working for the day—unless I need you to do something for me; then you may go out with your friends and go with them where ever you want; but make sure that when you are with them you remember that you must be home by ten or else your mother will not be very happy with you; is she is not happy then she will complain to me and then tomorrow when you wake up you will have to do three times as many chores as what you did today; then you will not be very happy and tomorrow you will not hang out with your friends; do you really want that to happen?**

**By Mitch Bowman**







## Elizabeth Francis

Do NOT waste your time, you will never find the right one; there are so many to choose from; you have so many years to live before you even have to think about worrying; think about your priorities in a year or two; you walk down a path with bumps in the road; the steps you take make up who you are; hang with your friends; be good; have good grades; have fun in high school; do not drink and drive; that can last for eternity; heaven will be waiting up there for you; be an angel to your parents; they love you; never love any man until you are fifty; have fifty boyfriends; never love any of them though; *How am I supposed to remember all of this? This is crazy and there is so much to think about;* listen to your heart; drummers lined up, they keep a steady beat; go to football games; go crazy; don't ever get too crazy or something bad might happen; soar through the wind; dodge hurricanes; one day a tornado will pick you up; you can go up but it will drop you down; I suggest you fly solo; you could fall onto something hurtful; be weary of the cactus flower; because remember what is underneath it; bees will sting you in times you would never even think possible; even queen bees; *but I don't like bees, I don't like any bugs;* listen you your parents; they have lived their lives before you and want you to succeed; succeed in your everyday life, and don't cry; your mom will always be your shoulder to cry on; don't waste any time crying over someone; the only person that should judge you is yourself; when you grow up be wise; do not post anything stupid on Facebook; take lots of pictures of you and your friends, and aspirations; dream big dreams; dance in the clouds; don't let anything or anyone swoop you away; they are all stupid; go to prom though; walk down those stairs; you're a princess; Cinderella had the time of her life; lose a shoe; but don't expect Prince Charming to come pick it up; until he runs after you, calls all of your friends, checks everywhere to find you, then slips it on your foot; then it is your call, what do you think?

-Jordan Jones

## Harold and I Have a Talk

By Madalyn Smith

Harold, I love you, I love you for being the best imaginary friend ever; I'm pretty sure you love me too, you've put up with me for eleven years; eleven years of adventure, but you've found another significant other; I know that you're not replacing me, but, just to be sure, do you know what having a girlfriend means; *a girlfriend is a girl who is a friend*; no, well, yes, a girlfriend is a friend that is a girl, except she is more than just a friend because she will make out with you; when making out for the first time, Harold, do not use your tongue, she may not want to taste what you ate earlier; on dates, go for things that are simple and thoughtful, like a picnic; chew with your mouth closed; try and hid any of your disgusting habits, you do not want to turn her off; wearing mismatched clothes is annoying; your girlfriend will try to change you, let her; girls love getting their way; if a girl does not get her way, your life will be a firey inferno of misery; knowing you, you'll be whipped after a few weeks anyway; hitting your girlfriend is a a no-no and if I hear of you doing it, you'll be unimagined faster than you can say "I'll never do it again!"; you may not get to do other things ever again, like hang out with Charlie (he is a bad influence), eat garlic (she doesn't care if you love it), wear plaid with stripes (it does not match), or play video games (she doesn't want your brain to turn to mush); spend time with your girlfriend, not the TV; pay attention and dote on her, she'll eat it up; make her the center of your day and work your schedule around what she wants to do; don't give up everything for her, you still need to focus on school and girlfriends don't excuse you from homework; *you just contradicted yourself*; whatever, just make sure your girlfriend is smart, you don't want a deadbeat, bimbo for a girlfriend; don't call your girlfriend names...; don't text your girlfriend, call her, it shows that you care and it's more personal; be friendly and loving towards her; this is how you have a successful relationship.

## The Trouble with Long Car Rides

By: Miranda Hale

This is how you count the cattle in the fields; this is how you don't spill that bottle of milk; this is how you don't yell while the baby is sleeping; this is how you keep the baby happy; this is how you eat your McDonald's without getting it in the crack of the seat; this is how you stay in your seat; this is how you wear your seatbelt properly; this is how you keep your arms inside the vehicle; this is how you color a beautiful, wonderful picture; this is a crayon called magenta; this is a crayon called sky blue; this is how you count the clouds; this is how you keep your hands in the vehicle and stop reaching for the clouds; this is how you stop pulling on your sister's hair; this is what happens when you do pull on someone's hair; this is what happens when you do it twice; this is what disappointment feels like; this is what anger feels like; this is a crayon called fire red; this is a crayon called orange dreamsicle; this is a mile of traffic cones; this is how you drive slow; this is what a traffic jam on the interstate feels like; this is how you keep your hands inside a moving vehicle; this is how the window lock works; *but why can't I have the window down?*; this is how the windshield wipers work; this is how you behave when Daddy is trying to drive through the rain—quiet; this is why you don't pull on Daddy's shoulders when he's driving; this is how you don't kick the seat in front of you; this is how you stay still when the car is in motion; this is how, for the last time, you keep your hands inside the vehicle; this is how you wash your hands before you get your food; this is how you don't spill your drink in the car; this is how you don't spill the contents of your entire backpack all over the floor; this is how you give Mommy some quiet time and read your book; *I don't feel like reading though*; this is how you watch the movie I put in; this is how you keep your hands inside the vehicle at all times; are you really going to make me tell you again?

# Life

By Madeline LaPage

When you are choosing friends don't be too picky, but do be careful; you don't want to get mixed up with the "wrong crowd", but if you do make friends, don't take them for granted; if you trust in them, they will trust in you; if a friend tells you something and trusts that you will keep it a secret, keep it a secret; do not let them down, and do not put people down; if people are different than you, accept their differences with open arms and an open mind; *but sometimes it is hard to accept new people*; to you, this one person is new, but to this person, everyone is new; try seeing the world from their eyes, and try taking a step in their shoes; you just might be surprised at what you see, and you might change your mind; learn to accept change, even though it is hard sometimes; most people do not always accept it willingly, but always remember that change is for the better; make sure that you have your priorities straight; figure out what it is that matters to you the most, and once you figure out what that is, go for it and don't stop at anything until you get it; just remember that you can achieve anything if you work hard enough and believe in yourself; believe in others and help them reach their goals; you cannot always accomplish things on your own; sometimes it is necessary to work with others, but someone must stand up and lead the rest; this person must be careful, however, not to let the power get to his or her head; never think or act like you are better than everyone else, because once you do, you are no better *anyone* else; be sure to always be yourself; in most cases, when a person asks you to change for them, that person is not worth changing for, but always respect everyone around you, especially your elders; if you are a lady, act like a lady, and if you are a gentleman, act like a gentleman; *how do I do that?*; always be sure to watch what you say, because you never know when you might offend someone; always keep an open mind and an open heart; love and live life to the fullest; never take it for granted, because you only get one.



# Oh Little Sister of Mine

By Shelby Oetzel

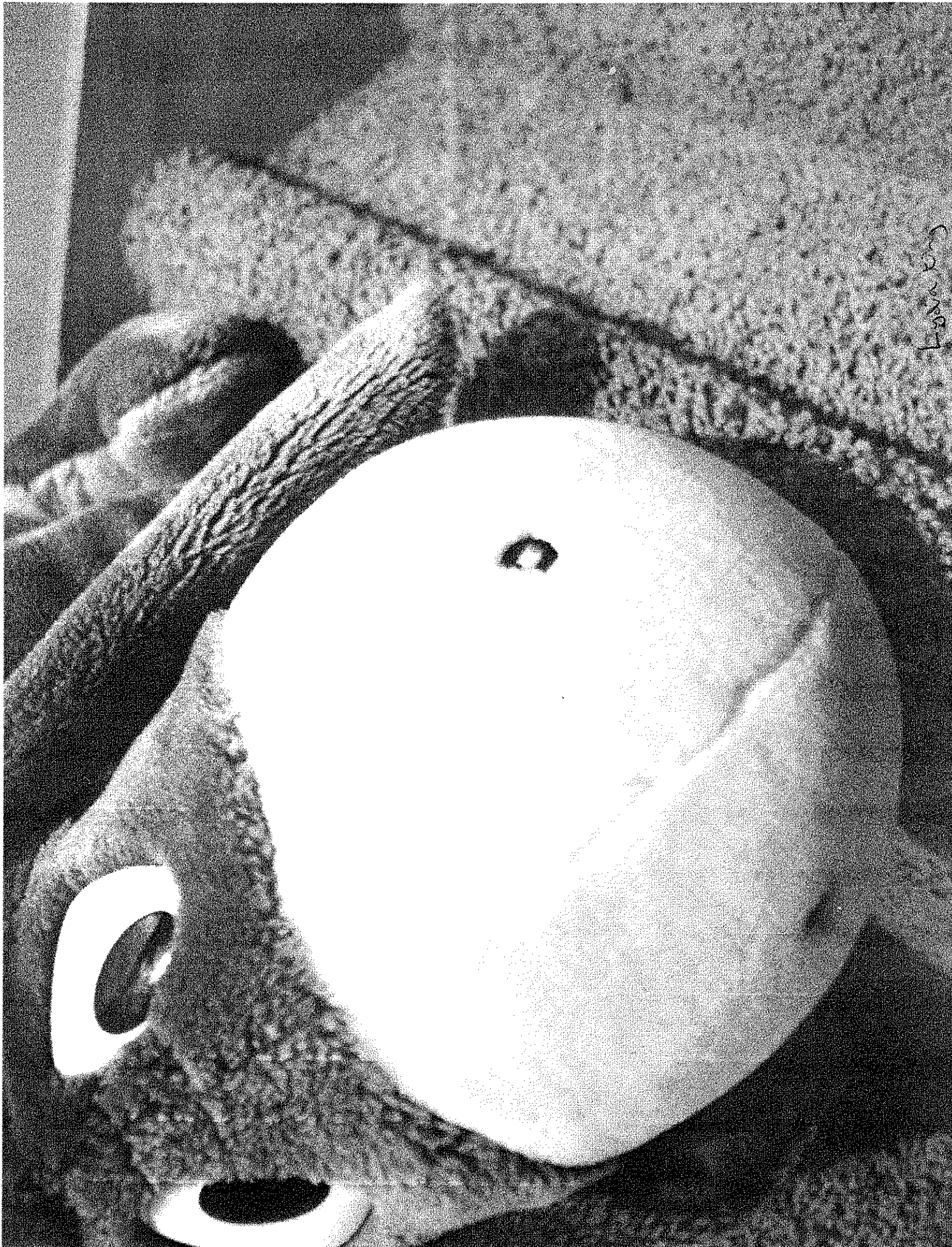
Never wear plaids and stripes together; never steal my clothes; as a matter of fact, never steal anything; stealing gives you not just a bad reputation, but it effects the whole family; do not break the law; breaking the law usually results in jail; in real life there is no get out of jail free card; when playing Monopoly don't forget to collect your two-hundred dollars when you pass go; speaking of go, you don't always need to go, go, go; take a rest; take a breather; *But I don't want to, resting is boring! I would die without my sports;* dying from boredom is impossible; knowing what will happen next is impossible; when things are going bad never ask what's next, because chances are you don't want to know; sometimes it is okay to take a chance; be smart when taking chances though; be smart when choosing friends; this is how you make a friend; this is how you be a friend; always remember that you can pick your friends but not your family; be grateful for the family you have, they love you; *even you love me?* Even I love you; I may not like you sometimes but I always love you; when it comes to love, find someone who loves you for you; do not change for them; do not change for anyone; by yourself; be an individual; there is only one Kari Ann Oetzel in this world, so don't lose yourself and become a copy; don't lose your homework, you teachers won't like it; don't make teachers mad, the end result will usually not be good; learn as much as you can from your teachers; they are smart, wise, caring, and want to make you become the best you can be; never talk back to a teacher; never talk back to anyone; respect people that are older than you, yet respect ones who are younger as well; be a role model for other kids around you; be in touch with things around you; be aware of your surroundings; make sure you know if the floor is wet; make sure you know if a curb is coming; if you fall, always get back up; *jeez, I'm not you—I don't trip and fall over thin air;* don't forget to let a little hot air out of your head sometimes; don't let the dog out unless she is on a leash; make sure the dog has food and water, they are necessities for life; you may not realize it, but you have all the necessities to life; food to eat, water to drink, a roof over your head, clothes to wear, and people who love you; do you realize how lucky you are?

# BEAR

By Kristen Schroder

Do not eat the grass; do not play with bees for you will lose; do not wake me up before I am ready; do not eat foods you know will make you sick, or any food besides the stuff I place in your bowl; do not bark at strangers—you are not a big dog no matter how much you may think otherwise; do not eat my shoes; do not pee on the carpet; do pee in your designated spot—I know you know where it is...; do not bring me your types of presents; *but I caught it just for you*; do become excited when I come home; do not bark at me because you think I am a stranger since you are too small to even scare a squirrel; this is how you jump on my lap without hurting me with your knife-like nails; do alert me when you need something, trust me, I can't read your mind; do smuggle with me when you get cold or need a buddy; do show off your cutest puppy face on a regular basis; do not use it against me; do not pretend you are too big to fit in the sink—you will get a bath either way; do remember we always love you, even when you make us upset; do sit patiently when I am trimming your nails; stop eating the same grapes everyday—they will taste rancid each and every time and you try them and you continue to spit them out; *but what if you're wrong?*; do not wait until midnight to tell me you need a potty break; so make me feel better when I am sick or sad, that is a power of a small dog so don't pretend you are anything else; this is how you wait patiently so people will like you; do not beg for anything; this is how you sit for a treat; do not ever leave my side, but don't be so close I step on you; do not act tough and think everything on this planet is yours—almost none of it actually is; this is how you make me laugh; *what if you don't laugh and I make you mad?*; do you really think I could ever be upset with a little cutie like you?





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## The Older Brother

*I am the older brother.*

*I wonder why I do everything.*

*I hear my sister whine for the breakfast she never asked for.*

*I see that she always seems to get what she wants.*

*I want to have less responsibility.*

*I am the older brother.*

*I pretend that I am the more important child.*

*I feel that I always have to protect my sister.*

*I touch the stinging sores left by my sister's words when I give her advice.*

*I worry that she will always learn things the hard way.*

*I cry when she never learns her lesson.*

*I am the older brother.*

*I understand that I won't always be there for her.*

*I say both kind and mean words to her.*

*I dream nightmares that she is gone.*

*I try to always help her, my sister.*

*I hope I don't try these things in vain.*

*I am the older brother.*

Alex Karnish

## Mason

Do not flirt with multiple girls over text; only text your girlfriend, no other girls; do not run up your parents' phone bill while texting all of these ladies; always obey your parents; never back-talk to an adult; remember that all adults have more schooling than you do; do not drop out of high school; always study for tests; if you get a bad grade, don't try to hide it; never lie to your mom; stay truthful even in tough situations; never put yourself in a tough situation; only drink if you are 21; stay away from peer pressure; choose your friends wisely; never gossip about your friends; avoid gossip at all costs; do not waste your money on stupid things; get a job as early as you can; *what if no one will hire me?*; always stay optimistic; smile as much as you can; laugh to be polite; remember to always use table manners; do not chew with your mouth open; try not to annoy others; do not worry about what people think; never be judgmental; always apologize for being rude; overuse please and thank you; be nice to a person even if they aren't being nice back; ignore rude people; do not let someone tell you that you can't do something; only do what makes you happy; never hold a grudge; avoid crying before you sleep, it causes nightmares; so not base decisions off of dreams; refuse to give up on your goals in life; try to get a successful career; make enough money so that your wife can stay at home; never call your wife lazy for staying home; remember that being a mom is the hardest job of all; only have as many kids as you can afford; never fall into debt; ask for help if you need it; do not rely on other people's charity; leave free things for people that are less fortunate; keep in mind how lucky you really are; never gamble; avoid addictions, it is not attractive to women; do not date a girl just because she is pretty; if you are dating a girl, make sure you treat her right; always admit that she is right; do not let another guy steal your girlfriend; *what if I never have a girlfriend?*; if you would listen to what I have to say instead of daydreaming, you would have 5 girlfriends by now!

By Chloe Gottschalk

David Long



# How to Drive a Car

Steph Konrady

Always make sure you put your foot on the break before you put the car in drive; always turn the car on before you try to put it in drive; don't speed on corners, you might skid and leave marks on the road; always watch out for road workers; don't let bright orange cones distract you; don't stare at flowers on the side of the road—even if your mom points them out, because you might get in a wreck; don't panic when a car pulls out in front of you; this is how you calmly pull to the side to avoid a car that is coming at you; don't drink and drive; don't take home road kill, that is not sanitary in the least; have you ever hit a deer?; they have deer crossing signs; this is how to yield to pedestrians; you don't get extra points for hitting them; this is how to get on and off an interstate without crashing into another car; don't break road etiquette—it never makes you feel good when someone honks obscenities at you; don't fight with your passengers; if you don't know where you are going, stop and ask for directions; don't be like a man and assume you know exactly where you are; *Can't I use a map?*; don't forget to turn on your turn signal; this is how you turn on your windshield wipers; this is how you keep your window from fogging up—that way you won't be driving blind, which is really scary!; drive extra careful with passengers in the car; always wear your seatbelt; don't drive or ride with anyone not wearing a seatbelt; don't road race—you are not qualifying for NASCAR; this is how you set cruise control; this is how you turn it off; this is how you pass a car without taking off its front end; this is how you read road signs; always watch out for merge signs, they will sneak up on you; this is how you pull to the side when a police car is coming; this is how you avoid getting a speeding ticket, but don't tell anyone I told you; *I never speed anyway*; no one speeds, we all just make our own speed limit.

**Someday**  
**Sarah Whitaker**

*I am analytical and compassionate*

*I wonder why things are what they are*

*I hear a world full of questions waiting to be answered*

*I see children who need someone to love them*

*I want a world where everyone gets along*

*I am analytical and compassionate*

*I pretend that it doesn't matter when it really does*

*I feel that when something isn't right it needs to be fixed*

*I touch the hearts of the ones I love*

*I worry that I will fail in the tasks that I have been given*

*I cry at the sight of hurt and confusion*

*I am analytical and compassionate*

*I understand that not every question has an answer*

*I say what comes to my mind*

*I dream of a place that my hopes come to life*

*I try to make things go my way*

*I hope that someday they will*

*I am analytical and compassionate*



Equality?

Are we equal?

How is this fair?

Why are you better?

Unfair, but will it end?

Physically I may be different

Emotionally I may be weaker

I may be better at some things

And I may be worse at others

I fight for the same cause

I fight for my country,

Friends and family

Because I can

Alex Roy

## Stream of Knowledge

I am strong, full of force,

That with one sip would change their course.

These savages, ancient cultures,

Would soon be food for the vultures,

As I watched, they dumped my life, my knowledge, my very soul,

But one day, I'll have my revenge- They'll be back in a hole.

I gave them everything that they wanted to know: power, manners, a soul,

But for a small fee-

I would consume the logic from thee.

Here we are, soon after I've dried up.

They built, conquered, and then became bored.

They sat around- Pondering what they should do next

As I watched the boil back into a horde

Of mindless savages that once ruled.

They should have never stolen from me,

But now they flee.

From the very thing that reigned supreme in the beginning,

They must restart before their ending.

Wisdom  
begins in  
Wonder...



Morgan Carter



***Big River***

***Clean it!***

***Clean it!***

***Clean it! To make it  
safer for all.***

***Water runs brown  
with pollution.***

***Clean it! Before it  
gets worse.***

***Leaks, drainage, trash making  
it worse everyday.***

***Clean it! Get all the  
trash from the bottom.***

***Clean it! Make it  
safe again.***

***Clean it!***

***Clean it!***

## Advice to a Stone That Want to Live

By Alex Karnish

This is how you breathe; this is how you feel the wind against your body; this is how you feel sad; this is how you cry; this is how you feel happy; this is how you laugh; this is how you make a joke; this is how you know you are a joke; this is how you know when a joke is played on you; this is how you play; this is how you act; this is how to act sad; this is how to act alone; this is how to be alone; *what if I don't want to be alone?* This is how to not be alone; this is how to love; this is how to hate; this is how to pump your blood; this is how to get your blood boiling; this is how to keep warm; this is how to start a fire; this is what fire is; this is how to stretch and reach for the sky; this is how to spread your roots deep into the earth—like fingers reaching for life; this is how to dig; this is how to know what treasure is; this is how you know how to treasure things; this is how you find someone you treasure; this is how you get rid of someone you treasure (for their safety); this is how to get rid of things you don't treasure (not for their safety); this is the color of treasure; this is green; this is blue; this is what you do when you are blue; this is how to reach the sky; this is how to fly; this is how to be a bird; this is how to be an animal; this is how to be a plant; this is how to make food; this is how to get food; this is how to be food; this is what it's like to be prey; this is what it's like to be a predator; this is what it's like to be neither; this is how to be poisonous; this is how to look poisonous; this is how to act poisonous; this is how to make others cry; this is how to hurt others; *I'm never going to hurt others*; this is when to hurt others—however cruel it feels; this is how you hurt yourself; this is when you must hurt yourself; this is when you are most vulnerable; this is how to hide in your shell; this is what to do to get a shell; this is how to be strong; this is how to be weak; this is how to know when to be weak; this is how to know; this is how to learn; this is when to be sane; this is when you will go insane; this is when that insanity will kill you; this is when you die; this is when death will make you a stone once more; so, do you want to live?



The Dream

I am the path to reaching your Dream  
Follow the road or just float down the stream.  
There are going to be ups and the usual downs  
Don't give up, keep going to town.  
I hope you see you have the potential,  
To reach the dream and be influential.  
Keep going, going, going you will find your way.  
You may get lost, but just breath...  
It will be okay.

I am the shoes to take you down  
The path to reaching your Dream  
I will protect those toes, we will work as a team.  
We will come across the bumps and holes,  
Don't get in a slump; I will bring you over the hump.  
This journey is hard and surely long  
We will reach the dream  
Just stay strong.

## Tick Tock

I awake to the tick tock of a clock  
The smell of charred earth permeates my nostrils as I sit up to behold this  
unknown land  
The sky explodes in violent yellow light  
The light warms me as I lay unmoving, unfeeling, unresponsive  
My nearest company is a lone tree, from which hangs a melting, drooping clock  
This gold trimmed keepsake is not the disruptor of my sleep, for it does not tick  
On the horizon trickles a calm, glistening sea wrapped around a mountain like a  
mirrored scarf reflecting its wearer  
Tick, tock, tick, tock—it's the only sound to hear in this surreal world  
I grow more desperate to find the source of the eerie ticking

Another drooping clock runs like melted cheese down the brown block the tree  
sits upon  
No ticking escapes its mechanical innards either, and yet I still hear it  
Another clock sits atop the brown block  
It lays face down, ants festering upon its back, tearing into its once splendid  
orange trim  
I dare not touch it, no ticking from it  
I lose hope, but gain awareness  
The tree, the ants, the clocks, the ticking--they all mean something  
There is a message in this mysterious realm  
And it dawns on me it is my purpose to find it  
For I may be the only one who can

The hunt for answers is not pleasant  
Ashes cling to my body as I drag my limp form across the scalded terrain  
Time does not exist  
The hostile light still bursts freely after hours  
Has it been hours? I don't know  
The ticking still suggests hope for my cause

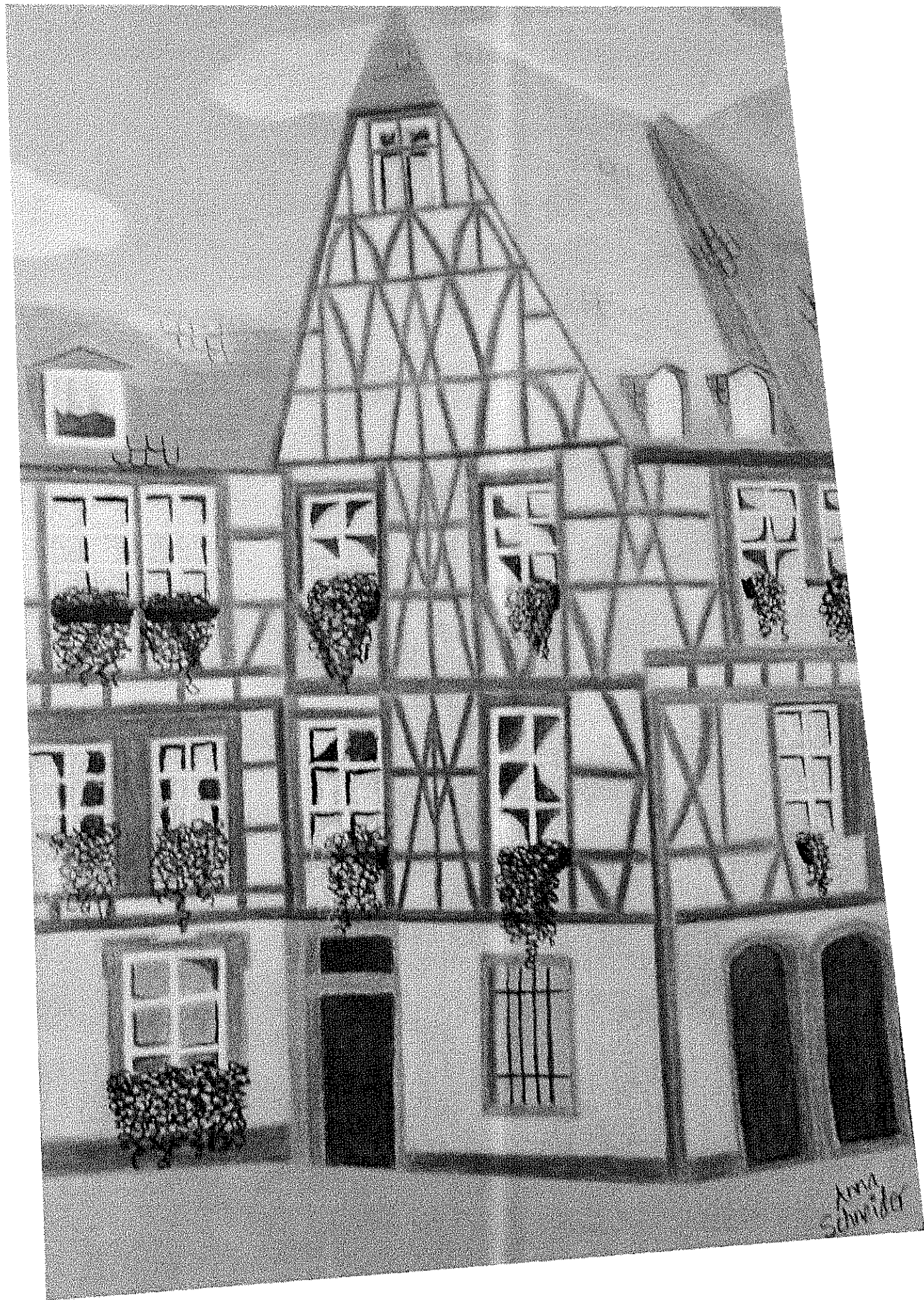
Hope that time exists, hope that people exist, hope that hope exists  
Hope that there are others lost in the dark  
Blindly feeling their way towards me and I them  
I finally find the ticking clock!

But it is not a clock that can be seen  
It is within me  
The ticking emanates from my body  
The search was not for light in the darkness, but for understanding  
I am the hope, my search is over  
A warm tingle floods my body, enshrouding me like an inviting blanket  
Happiness and understanding flows through me like a river  
With my mission concluded, exhaustion settles over me  
My eyes slowly close,  
And then I dream

The ticking continues as I drift into a dream, ascending above the void  
I say good bye to my friend the tree, the frozen clocks, and the unruly black ants  
The yellow light is the last to fade  
But no, it becomes more distinguished  
The further I move, the closer I come to its source  
Finally I see it! But what is it?  
It is unearthly, unholy—a nasty inferno of death!  
Its blazing tongue reaches out to take me! But then I hear a familiar sound,  
In the dream, I awake to the tick tock of a clock  
And then I press snooze.

By Ryan Scott





Frequent traveler

with an

**over-packed**

*suitcase.*

8



## River

Journeying across the world the boat  
Stays still so they could stop.  
The man and the woman walk along,  
Looking at the pure brilliance by them.  
It is cold blue.  
Alas, the flow of time does not wait,  
But continues onward like the stream of life.  
They voyage under the heavenly stars, which  
illuminate the night.  
Channeling life it has the reflection of  
Yellow, orange, and green light  
From the village nearby.  
Despite the lit up village, the night  
Is still. And the two people are alone,  
But not lonely.  
It breaks up the darkness that lurks  
Under the water.  
Reflecting light ripples and flows on the current.  
The moisture is felt in the air.  
As they travel together  
At this time of night, they hold  
Close together to bear the cold.

By Emma Hubner

## *The Wonders of the Sea*

*I am a mystified sailor at heart*

*I wonder what lies beneath the waters waiting to be discovered*

*I hear the waves crash against the jagged rocks along shore*

*I see the dark abyss the water creates in the middle of the ocean*

*I want the cold mist to hit my face in the early morning air*

*I am a mystified sailor at heart*

*I pretend that I am going to set sail any day now*

*I feel the salty mist hit my eyes as I sail my boat across the water*

*I touch the coolness of the water surrounding my boat*

*I worry that I will never set sail*

*I cry for the horrible things we do to the ocean*

*I am a mystified sailor at heart*

*I understand I have years to go to accomplish my dream*

*I say that this dream will come true some day*

*I dream that I will live my life on the water's edge*

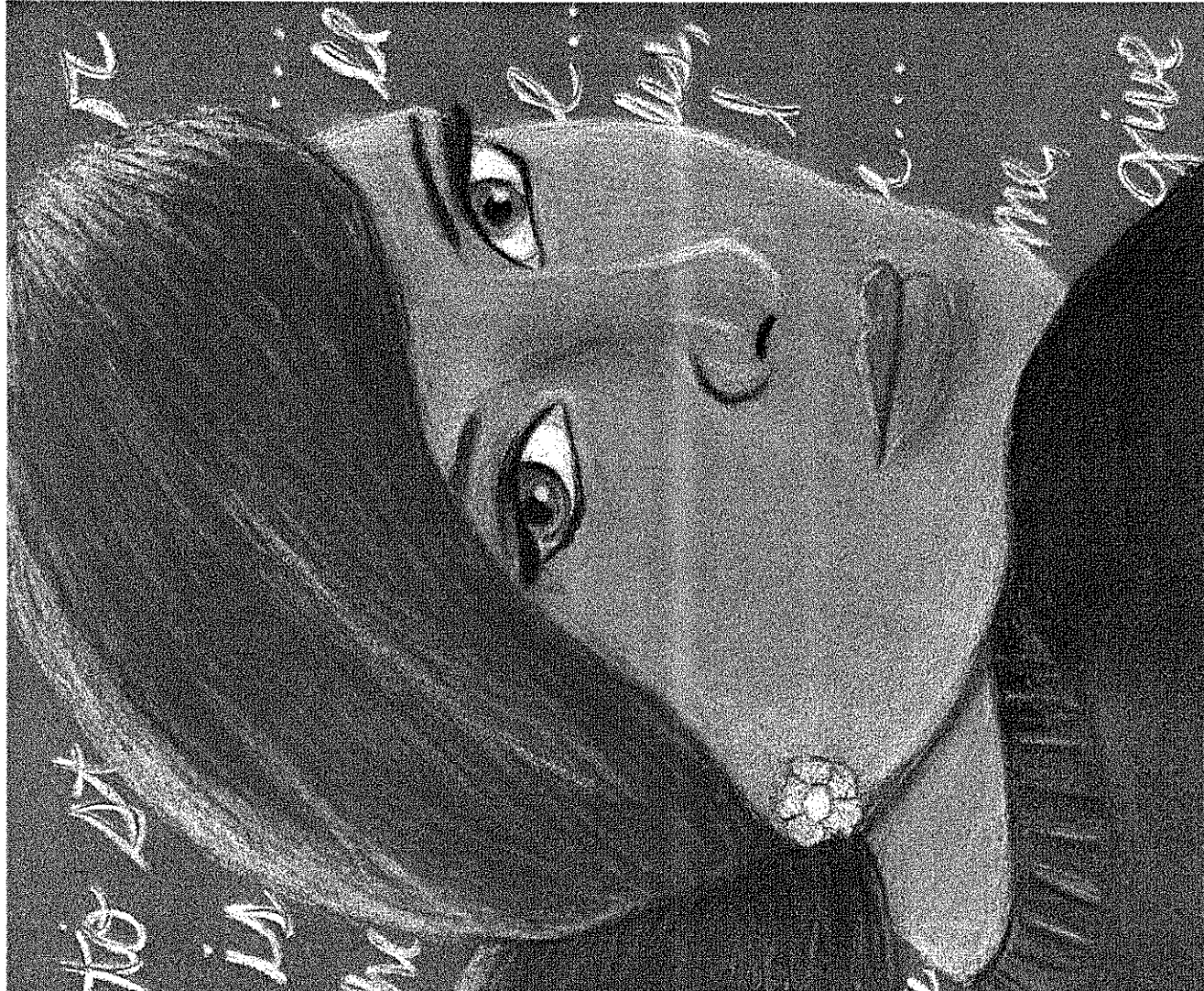
*I try to make this dream come alive*

*I hope that I can set sail with no weight upon my shoulders*

*I am a mystified sailor at heart*

*-Katie Moore*

close enough to it  
all that I have... is  
you only know I wish  
that I say, up  
I can't keep up  
under you then  
won't let you, can  
no, I won't ask you  
I can't give you a  
me... it's time  
turning tables



## *My Dream*

By Brandon Smith

*I'm in a Dream. It's the same dream, the scene never changes.*

*A dream repeating itself over and over, I hope that the next time I close my eyes and then open them, the scene will eventually change.*

*Life is a dream and I am the dreamer in this dream. I don't want to wake up.*

*I am sitting on a bench in a crowded city waiting, hoping for some special person that will probably never return.*

*Every dream has an end, no matter how pleasant or how scary the dream is underneath your warm blanket. Your dream ends as Mother shakes you awake.*

*Dreams are like an extension of my mind. A part that sees the world through my eyes, I know that in the end my dream will last with me for the day until I sleep again, the dream reflects my mind.*

*Sitting on a bench in a crowded city, people with blank faces walk by but nobody notices the lonely child sitting by the bus stop.*

*There I sit waiting, hoping for that time when my friend will keep their promise and return and stay forever. I sit for days watching as people walk by. Only a few stop and look, but they too end up walking along. Then my friend who I've been waiting for, for what seems like forever comes to me. The words "sorry I'm late" ring in my ears. The special person has returned. My eyes open and my long dream finally ends.*

*Life is like a dream but you don't have to see it like that. Dreams are a part of you, a part you can't let go. My dream has changed. Everyone in the crowded city now has expressions of happiness. My dream starts anew for me to choose how it will end. With me and the person I longed to be with by my side forever.*

The Dragon Battle  
By Kelly Kupris

As day turns into the cloudy night,  
A battle emerges from which  
Hundreds of soldiers embrace  
Each other and join forces in  
Battling what evil as come forth.

Upon the fierce soldiers, on top of  
A hill, stands something so big,  
So ferocious, that it will take  
An entire army of men to take down.

Each soldier thrusts their weapons  
At this, thing. But, it keeps fighting back  
With more powerful bursts of strength  
Than before. With each burst a colossal  
Amount of light emerges and sets  
Everything it touches to ash.

As the battle goes on throughout the  
Night there are remains of each  
Casualty and each of the major  
Weapons.

Each soldier just stares at  
This thing, wondering  
How are they ever going to get past  
It.

Alas, they come to the same conclusion,  
Charge at it and embrace it with everything.  
Maybe then they will conquer the evil  
That stands before their feet.

# ***Her World***

***By Stormy Lynn Hargis***

Lifted to mimic the horizon

I'm now ready

Fingers find their place

And warmth runs through my form.

It begins.

The beauty of her mind

Reflected in what I display.

How brilliantly the vibrant colors swirl,

Like cream when flooded by hot  
coffee.

It swirls.

And forms make their presence.

Children direct luminous butterflies.

Ordering their crew forward

As they sail towards the adventure  
ahead.

Now an inferno! The blaze crackles  
and hisses

When greeted by the cool water

Around me.

Sea of Flames meets

Sea of Sea.

How magnificent!

Pubescent blossoms impart

Two marvelous citadels.

A shell serves as a base

For a knight and his stallion

Oh! What spiritual dancers

Have sprung forth!

They join hands with a shared

Translucent visage.

What a mind she exhibits!

A new sight now.

A galactic ambience settles

In front of me.

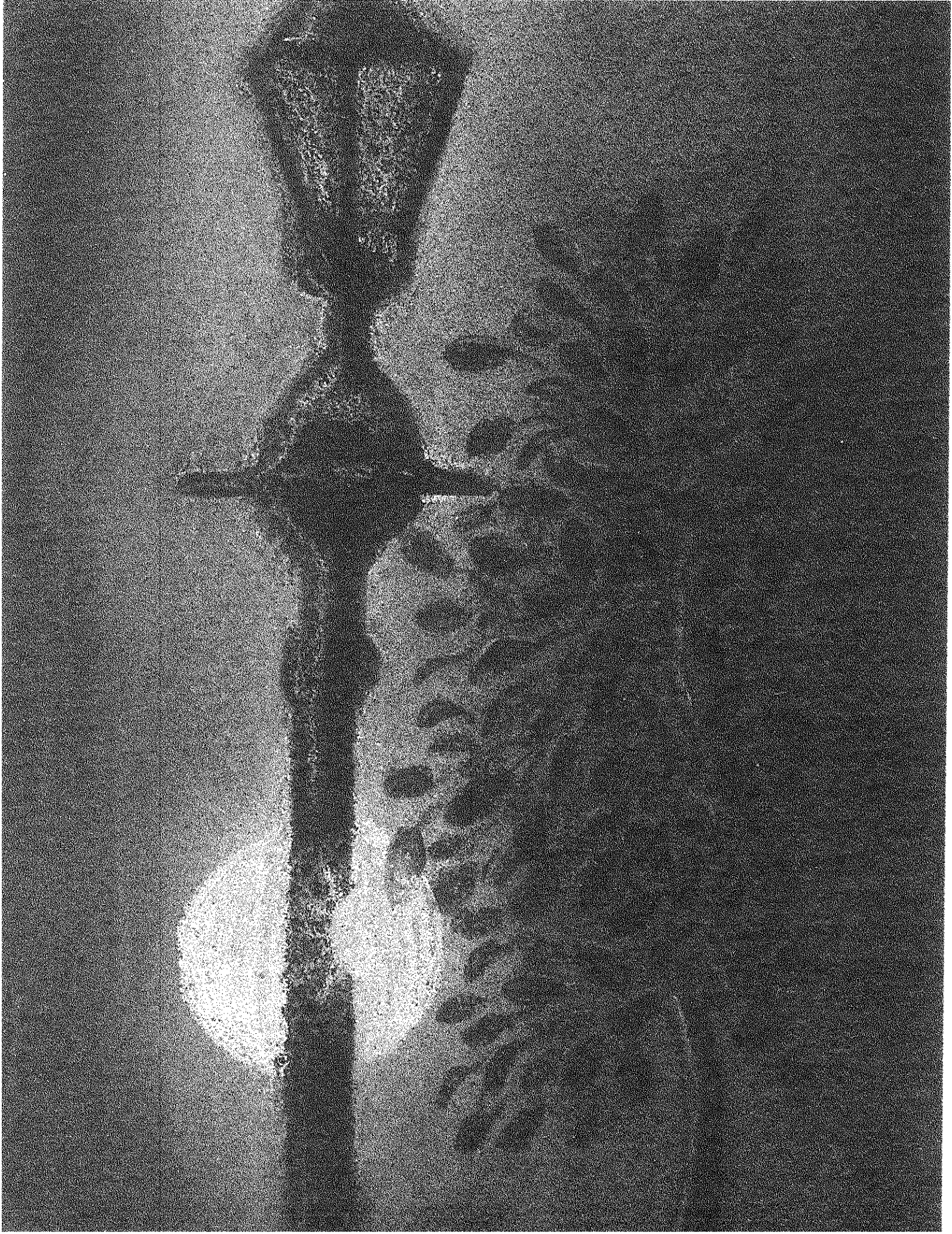
An amazing place here.

No—a world.

Imagination is music.

And I am the instrument.





# *Arles*

*Seized under the awning*

*On the Place du Forum.*

*With violins setting sweet music to the stars*

*Beginning to swirl in the sky for the first time.*

*But interrupted by The Café Terrace*

*So busy because of the bustling crowd.*

*While the rest of the world is lit by sky,*

*He was left alone.*

*The blue heavens surround his prison,*

*His eyes adjust to the colors of the night.*

*The rue du Pallas is paved with perilous colors*

*And is cut off. His refuge just beyond sight.*

*Freedom.*

*With night ablaze by blue*

*Darkness cannot reach his world.*

*Evil may enter this dream,*

*But light overpowers it.*

*This journey to the Heavens will prevail.*

*And The Café Terrace will fall to faith.*



### Time Affects, Cannot Change

I am ancient. They keep me rolled up tightly and stored in hand created pottery  
Dust has never touched me—all I know is speckless  
Men hunch over me as they unroll me to read what I have to say  
Their warm skin hit the thick parchment and slide across me as words are spoken aloud  
I am copied again and again for all who can read me  
Perfection is key for my words must be preserved for all time  
I will never change, I will never disappear.

I am current. They bind me in leather and hard covers. I am stored in colorful cases.  
I am left on shelves to collect dust. My twin is opened every day.  
They press pens, markers and colored pencils into me  
I am written in, on. There are billions of me, I speak over 2572 languages.  
I vary from him to her to the child, teen, or adult  
There are additions below me but never in me.  
One thing will always stay the same  
I will never change, I will never disappear.

By: Nicole Reed



## Moon Lights

Say this for creating dreams,  
remember all the lost moons.

In that life you ran, running on  
while wandering far into his dark sky.

Stars are friends and lovers,  
Lovely lights longing for my glow.

The crystal moon, the dull-white sand, remind me,  
I CANNOT forget to mention my flower, my moon.

My heart now glows, it's not by sheer luck  
shimmering blue moons are deep, dark, and dangerous.

Strength and defiance are woven through her bones.

All your light brings water for moonberries,  
there the sun-birds relax,  
beneath our boisterously, cloudless sky we sleep hidden.  
Swimming into your cozy abode (the sweet sea air)  
sandstones show their names to the deep sea, sky  
the face of stars we shaped again.

My ways have been a dream;  
the great light sky woke her up.

## **The Mirror Game**

By Abigail Morrow

I am my reflection's deflection, where the mirror is the frame,  
That holds my face together while the rest of me is game.  
I wonder why, so thoughtlessly, the window is one way,  
That I may only see the present with no hint to yesterday.  
I hear the sounds of memories, like film reeled by too fast,  
And I watch the movie of my life as tomorrow eats the past.  
I see history's philosophers, their busts smiling so smug,  
As I pull out from under them, reality, like a rug.  
I want to be like Atlas, and hold the world up high,  
Control the Fates' weaving loom and make the worlds collide.  
I am my reflection's deflection and the mirror is the frame,  
That holds my face together while the rest of me is game.

I pretend I am a million pieces floating through the stars,  
Only to reassemble on the ground like Wonka's chocolate bars.  
I feel the weight of the world again press down on me,  
For unlike chains or bolts, I'm imprisoned by gravity.  
I touch the tears of burdens held and hide them in a box,  
Throw away the keys to knowledge and have ignorance guard the locks.  
I worry for the future and the dark clouds that loom ahead,  
The cries of "Let them eat cake!" and also "Off with her head!"  
I cry for the many souls, who cross the river Styx,  
As they pay their winding passage from one world to the next.  
I am my reflection's deflection and the mirror is the frame,  
That holds my face together while the rest of me is game.

I understand what is not said, the truth of fantasy,  
The fact that many pretty words do not create a world for free.  
I say what I mean to say but say not what I mean,  
For in every sentence there's a message to be seen.  
I dream of secrets long since dead, of forgotten treasure chests,  
I am hungry for adventure and I want only the best.  
I try to hold onto the world with my arms opened wide,  
But I am just too fragmented to hold the world inside.  
I hope that when history decides to start again,  
We'll have learned from our mistakes and try to make amends.  
I am my reflection's deflection, and the mirror is the frame,  
The holds me together while I try to win this game.

## The Truth Can Set You Free

We seek the vast underwater realm.

Many men have drowned...

They now swim with those who favor water.

He stood over violent waves,

Pushed into water head first,

Pushed by anger.

The thin lifeless man

Now swims with the fishes and drinks with the whales.

The distress of the carnage came on slowly,

His sorrow as blue as the water he drowned his brother in;

He imagined his own family, full of mourning and broken heartedness.

To keep quiet is torture.

The sorrow hits him every morning

(A man who mourns alone sings the reaper's song).

If the body rolls in with the tide, he will be frightened.

The accidental killer couldn't help but sob.

Death can never be washed from the hands of a liar,

Shredded values will always kill him inside...

But truth raised his anguish off.

- Scott Wood



## Call Me Crazy

### I

am a

thrill-seeking

enthusiast. I wonder

why

people are afraid of heights.

I hear the

wind at the summit of the mountain.

I see other pe-

ople as small as ants. I want to bungee

jump again sometime.

I am a thrill-seeking enthusiast. I pretend that

the backyard creek is the

Amazon River. I feel mud squish through my toes and the crowds quickly brush

up against my leg. I touch the tree branch that instantly turns morphs into a jungle vine.

I worry when I am repelling down a cliff and the rope begins to slip. I cry when I jump off of

tree houses onto trampolines then flip off into the bushes. I am a thrill-seeking enthusiast. I und-

erstand what it is like to see something unimaginable. I say that I am not afraid. I dream of travelling

the world. I try to experience new things and live life on the edge. I hope to go skydiving someday. I

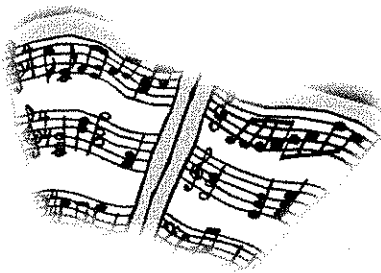
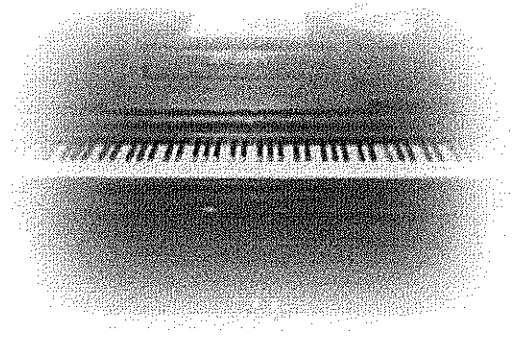
am a thrill-seeking enthusiast.

Gaby Morgan

# A Humble Searching Penny: Priceless

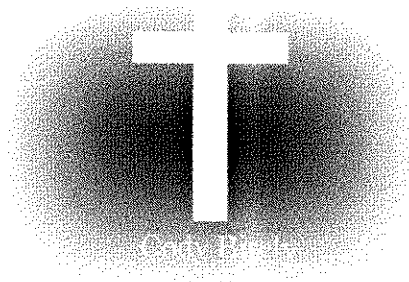
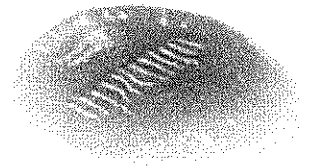
*Cody D. Birely*

I am a humble searching penny  
I wonder what waits past those gates in Heaven  
I hear the voice of God guiding me through life  
I see the miracles that He has done in other peoples' lives  
I want the joy, peace, and love that comes with knowing Him  
I am a humble searching penny

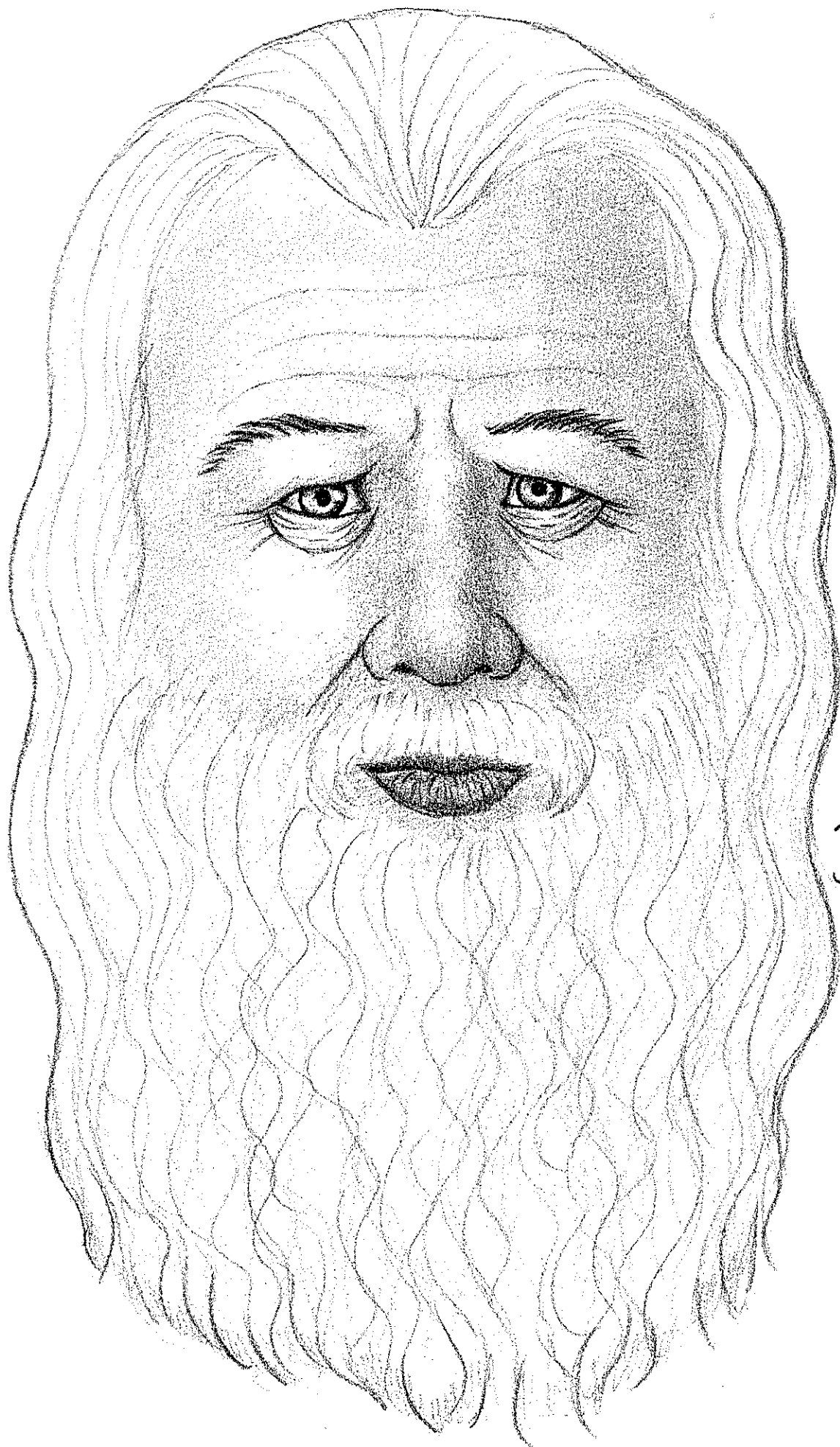


I pretend that life is great and that I have it all together  
I feel His hand on my shoulder helping me through tough times  
I touch those with Him that are alone and feel emptiness in their hearts  
I worry that I am not good enough to walk with Him  
I cry tears of joy when I feel His presence, for it is heartwarming  
I am a humble searching penny

I understand the trials in life that everyone undergoes  
I say that we as people are nothing more than a penny, yet we are priceless in His eyes  
I dream the purpose that life has for me, to which I can glorify the Father  
I try to share how unconditionally He loves everyone  
I hope that He fills all of us in pain with light, filling the hole in our hearts  
I am a humble searching penny







Rebekah  
Arana

## *The Creation of Adam*

*Created in His image,  
Brought forth in love.  
God above, man below;  
His Son to bridge the gap.*

*God's love freely given,  
Man's choices freely made.  
God above, man below;  
His Son to bridge the gap.*

*God forever watchful,  
Man striving, never reaching.  
God above, man below;  
His Son to bridge the gap.*

*Jesus born of God and man,  
His grace evident always.  
God above, man below;  
His Son fills the gap.*

# Stranger

*Taryn Pepping*

*I am a stranger in this world but a part of God's plan*

*I wonder what His will for my life is,*

*I hear His voice through His word; it's the listening that's hard.*

*I see every good thing He has done, and*

*I want to be a light for His kingdom.*

*I am a stranger in this world but a part of God's plan.*

*I pretend that mocking words don't hurt, and yet I know they shouldn't.*

*I feel His arms surrounding me in times of trouble, and His comfort covering me like a blanket,*

*I touch my past hurts and pains, and try to reach out to others, but*

*I worry that I could never be good enough,*

*I cry out to Him when I don't know what's going on, desperate for any kind of clarification; it always comes.*

*I am a stranger in this world but a part of God's plan.*

*I understand His love as only a human can, and that this love is greater than any I will ever know,*

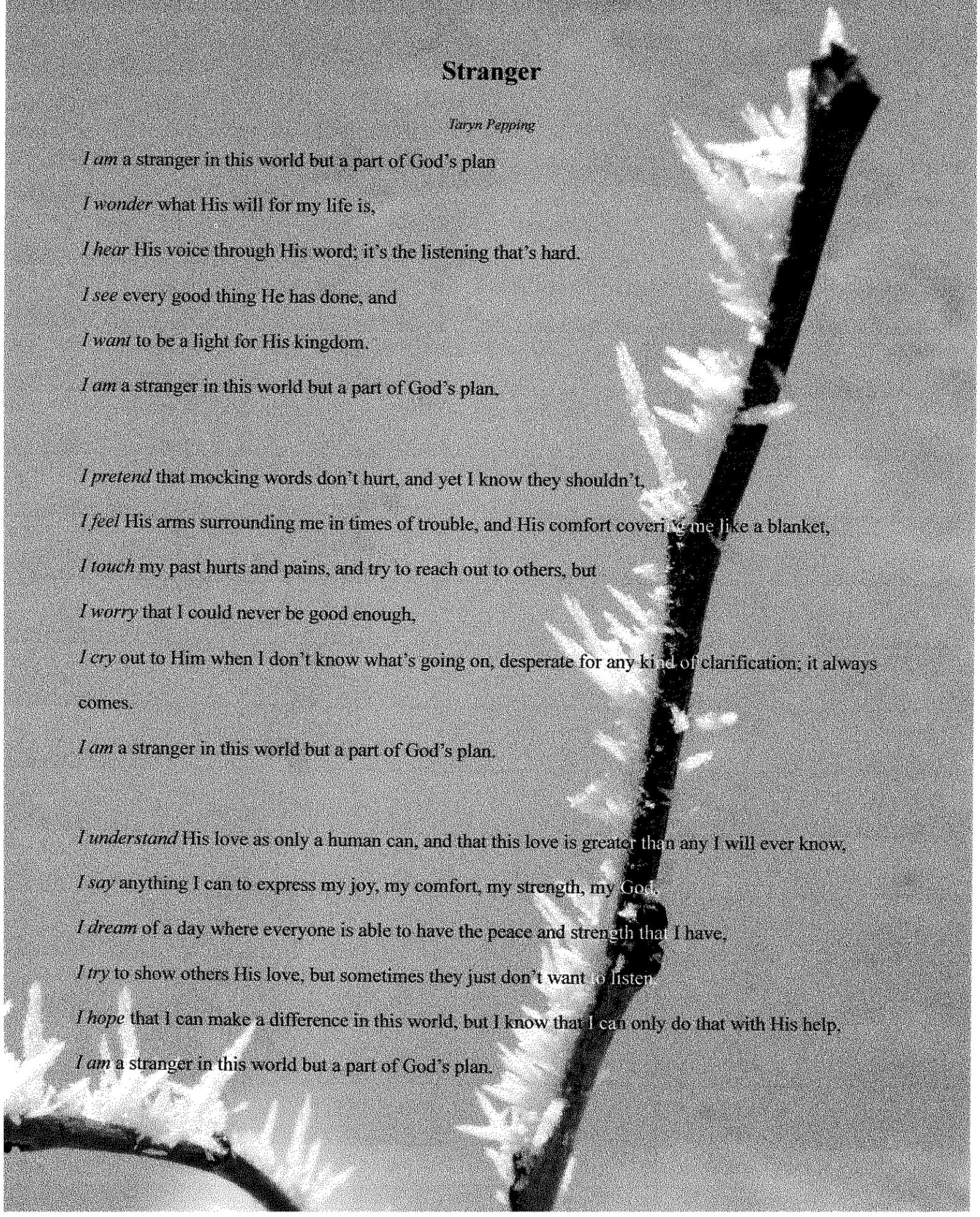
*I say anything I can to express my joy, my comfort, my strength, my God,*

*I dream of a day where everyone is able to have the peace and strength that I have,*

*I try to show others His love, but sometimes they just don't want to listen*

*I hope that I can make a difference in this world, but I know that I can only do that with His help.*

*I am a stranger in this world but a part of God's plan.*



# *Pressure*

*By: Josh Limkeman*

*People see me as none other than a toy or a hard object.*

*I get stepped on, I get thrown,*

*I am collected and I am shown,*

*Sometimes I'm worth a lot, and other times I'm not.*

*I'm filled with emotion and excitement, but my excitement only goes to  
an extent.*

*I'm tired of living your lives so now I'm about to vent.*

*The pressure has now built up and it's time for you all to shut up.*

*I'm no longer a piece of coal you assume you can control.*

*Now here is my final test that I give to all of you,*

*I'm 100% sure only my real friends will pull through.*

*I've been waiting my whole life for this moment,*

*It feels great!*

*I'm finally the diamond that God was able to create.*

## Fire and Lightening

The sky is **B**lind  
**O**minous and **W**icked in the sun's **A**bsence,  
Clouds **B**rew with **G**alvanic intent...  
I **S**trike with **S**wiftness!  
My **B**eauty **B**leaches out the sky  
My **S**urge of **I**ridescent light  
**P**unishes any entity between me and my **T**arget-

## Upon **M**eeting my **T**arget

My **P**assion **I**gnites,  
**E**volving into a **S**pectacle of **D**ancing Flames.  
A **F**ever sets in...  
**I**nflaming the very heart of my **T**arget!  
My **B**laze, Ever so **L**uminous  
Takes **H**old and begins to **E**ntangle itself  
Within every remaining **N**iche  
My **A**ngry **F**lames continue to **B**urn....

## (**B**ut)

Alas I like **A**ll things must come to an **E**nd-  
I **W**hither away like a **D**ying **C**reature  
In the **N**ight, able to one day **R**eturn again....

## Defeat to Victory

By: Keenan Feldpausch

October 25, 1948 a boy was born  
In the tiny town of Waterloo, Iowa.  
What sports to play?  
Which sport to commit him to?  
Wrestling  
Would be his number one thing.

Sister brutally raped and murdered  
In his house.  
The drive to compete gets stronger  
As a high school career is done with  
Perfection.  
Iowa State the place to go.

Undefeated was the thought until  
His last match as a cyclone ends in a loss.  
Instead of dwelling,  
Olympics of 1972 would be destroyed by a  
Man on a mission not giving up a point.  
Dan Gable the legend  
Victorious.

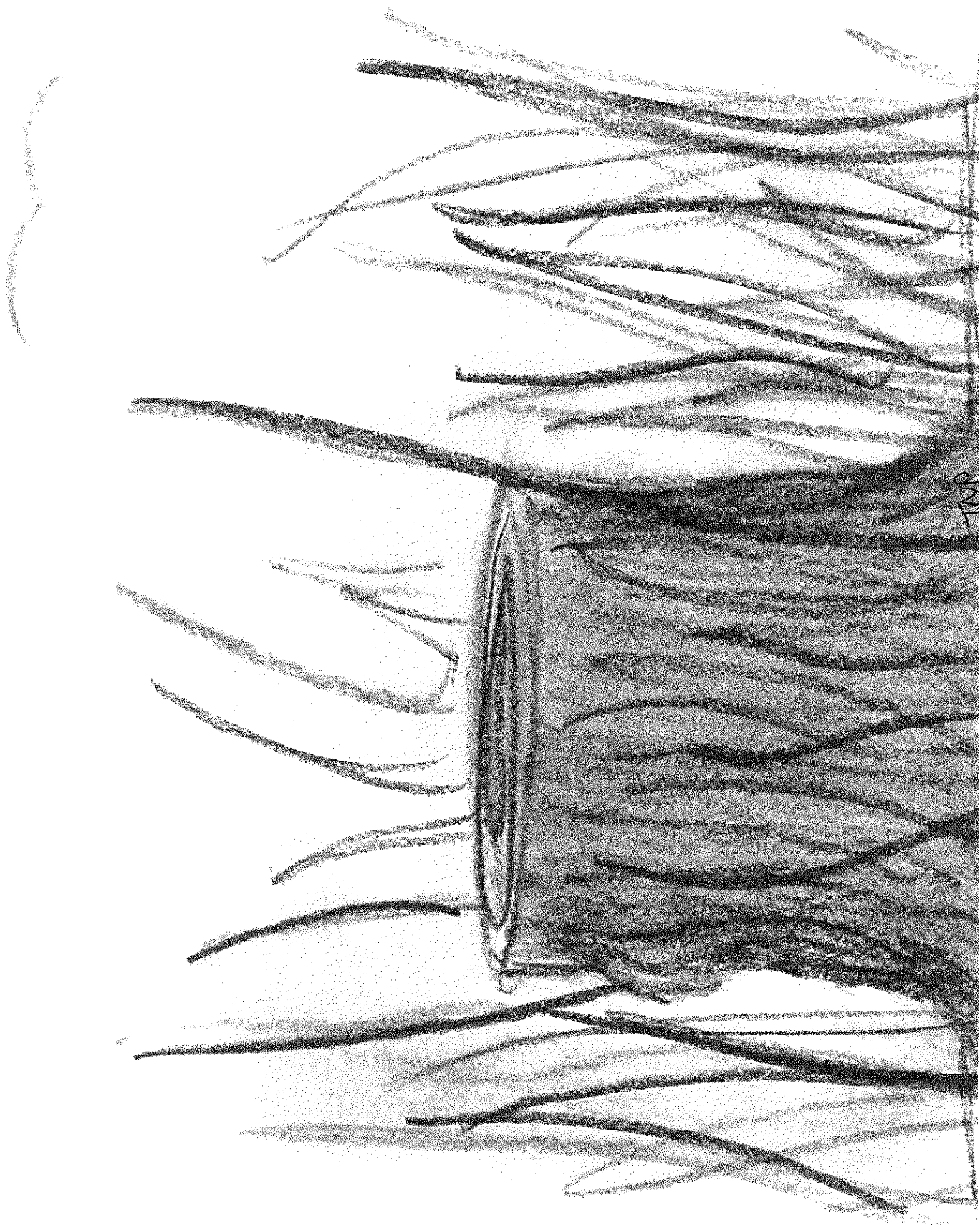
## Roosevelt's Rough Riders

By Ryan Scott

War is Hell, and the Spanish American War proved no different  
Soldiers slayed soldiers as usual  
But, something new emerged—and someone  
Theodore Roosevelt—a desk jockey who fought on the frontlines  
Alongside his band of Rough Riders—a melting pot of men  
They were cowboys and Indians, rich men and poor men  
They were athletes and adventurers, Harvard grads and day laborers  
That stood united by common cause, not color  
That radiated with righteousness, not racism  
That embodied America.

In Cuba they conquered Kettle Hill  
Batting back battalions with their roaring machine guns  
Bullets pierced the sky, taking never giving  
Roosevelt led the final charge—what a sight to behold!  
Atop his steed Texas, Roosevelt led his band into the action  
They were a tidal wave sweeping over a sand castle,  
Reducing its tall towers to oblivion  
Rat-ta-tat-ta-tat! The Spanish resisted  
But Roosevelt and his Riders never slowed, never faltered, never retreated  
And took the Hill.







**“Annie Wittenmyer”**

**By: Josh Linkeman**

**What an amazing person she was!**

**Annie Turner Wittenmyer used her inheritance in a way very few would.**

**With a desire to do good and**

**The will to save lives,**

**She used her money to establish an orphanage right in Iowa.**

**The place was for orphans of fallen ones from the Civil War.**

**After the Civil War,**

**During the time the Orphans of the fallen grew up,**

**The place started to accept orphans from all around town.**

**All was going swell until a bolt of lightning struck causing hell.**

**Luckily no one was hurt,**

**The main building burned straight to the dirt.**

**As for the children who lived in the main building,**

**They would not have to live in pain**

**Due to the fact plans for a new building was underway.**

**Later on in 1949 the orphanage Annie Wittenmyer created**

**Was renamed in honor of her.**

**Oh what an amazing person she was!**



Hint: The Road on the Left

That road, the one on the left

That road, dirty and rough

That road, bones along the way

That road, remains dark all day

That road, surrounded by browning grass

That road, goes nowhere, don't go.

Now this road, the one on the right,

This road, paved and smooth

This road, flowers lining the way

This road, lit by golden sunlight

This road, glowing green grass alongside

This road, can take you far, go.

Decisions, think about it

Decisions, don't just take the easy way

Decisions, do what is best for you

Decisions, make your own.

Regret Nothing  
By Zach Wilford

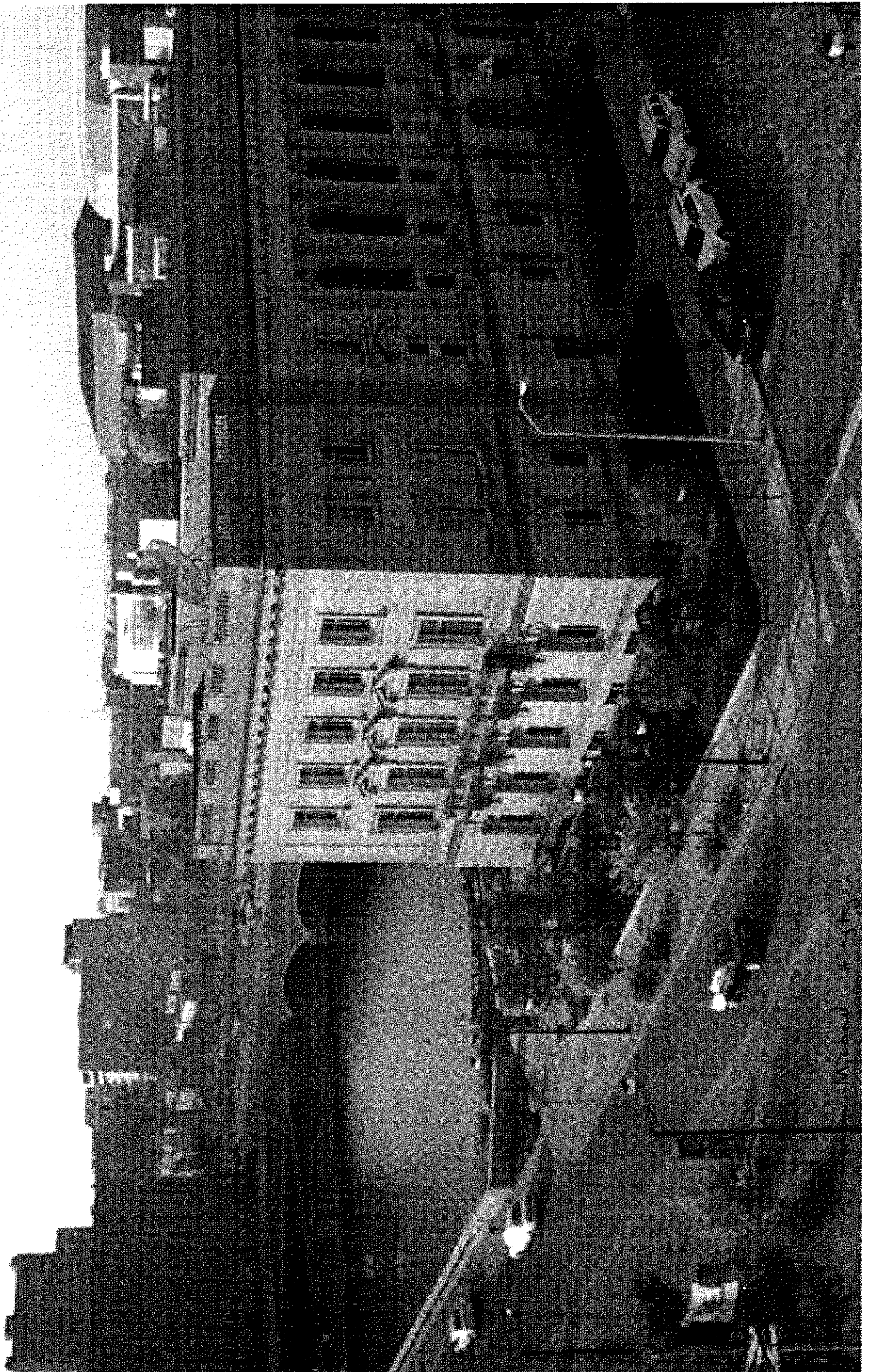
If the world ends tomorrow,  
Let us remember what we did today.  
Let us remember the beautiful rising  
Of the sun.  
Let us regret nothing.

Like a shadow,  
Let us dance in the sun,  
And like the moon,  
Let us light up the night.  
Let us regret nothing.

Our lives here are short and temporary  
But our legacy shall not!  
Let this world remember us for years to come  
As a generation that embraced every opportunity.  
Let us regret nothing.

If the world ends tomorrow,  
Let us always have today.  
Let us always have these memories,  
And when we look back on these memories,  
Let us regret nothing.





## Stand against

I am rock to the core  
standing tall; piercing the sky.

Not all can defeat me, for I  
am treacherous. Making the mountains  
around me look like meer hills.

For I am Strong and Powerful.

Standing the test of time. Clouds  
surround me, closing the world off.  
The sun breaks through bringing hope  
And happiness.

For I am Powerful and hopeful.

Wind, rain, and ice wear me  
down. Trying to tear me  
apart. But I out last them. Proving,  
I don't crumble easily. Sheer defiance.

For I am Hopeful and Persevere.

## Fearless

By Tanner Paustian

I am a fearless climber

I wonder how much higher I can go

I hear the rocks crumble underneath me

I see the tree tops swaying below me, birds flying along my side

I want to enjoy the beautiful view

I am a fearless climber

I pretend to be the first to scale the cliff

I feel the cold rock face against my body

I touch the last handhold as I reach for the top

I worry I will fall, and if I do will the rope hold

I cry in joy as I reach the summit.

I am a fearless climber

I understand the feeling will not last forever

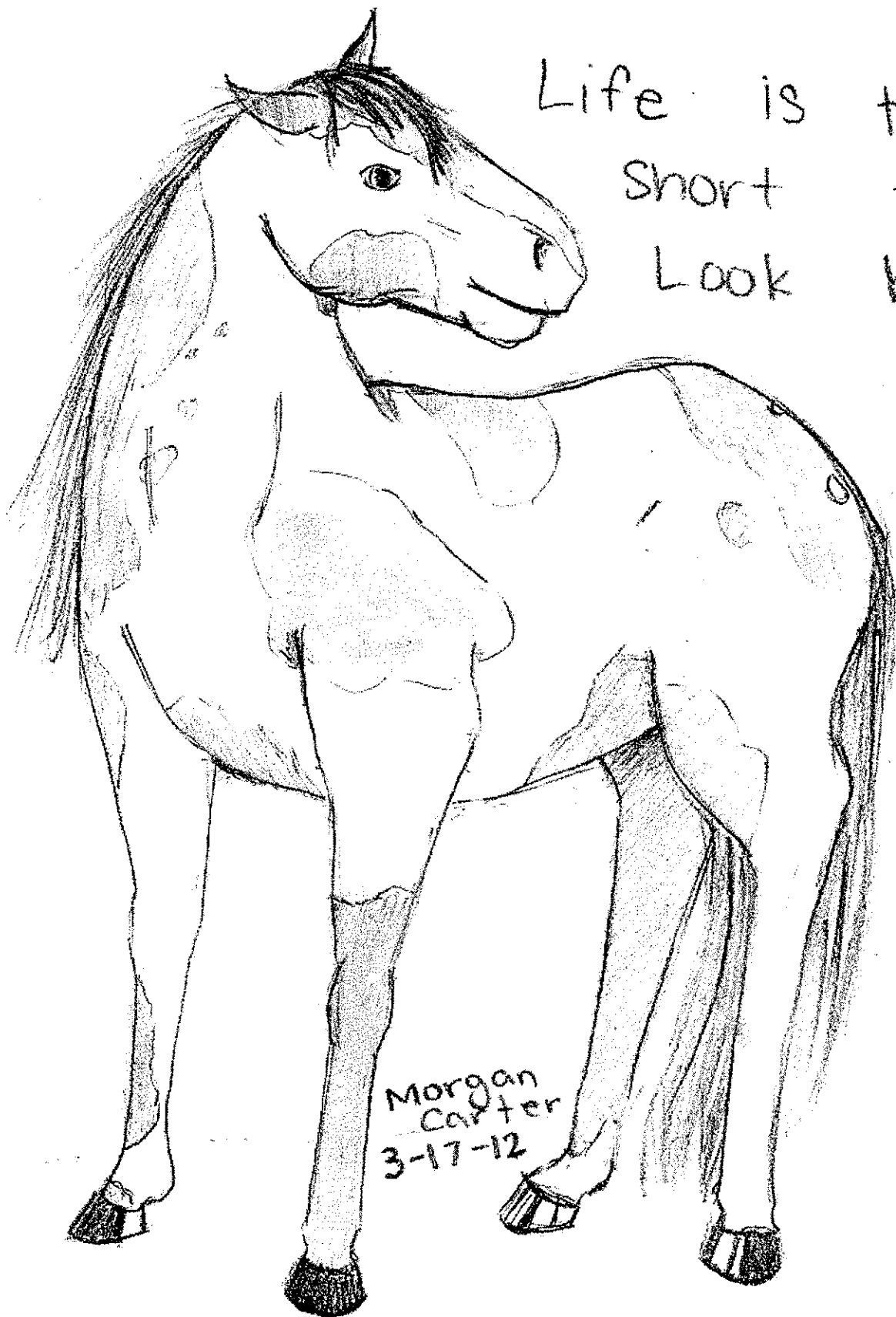
I say I will succeed

I dream about Himalayan peaks

I try to reach my goals and push my limits

I hope I will always climb

I am a fearless climber



Life is too  
Short to  
Look back.

Morgan  
Carter  
3-17-12



## Life's Good

My schedule is busy, and I still have to work, *"Life is what you make it, mom,"* said Elijah, I still have to work even if I don't want to; Elijah, *"God doesn't give you what you can't handle mom,"* Saturday is football, never look back; Rain makes the day go by slower; light up flowers make me happy; four Yorkies is way too many; two steps forward, hopefully no steps back; inspirational stories inspire me to do better for myself; a bad of frozen peas works well if you have an owie; the only thing you should stick in your ear is you elbow; an ear candle is ok though, *"Mom, I don't want to wear a tutu to school,"* said Elijah; Elijah never go to the bathroom at school, *"OK Mama,"* my nephew makes me giggle until my tummy hurts; *"Mom stop complaining, you're only stressing yourself out more,"* said Elijah; foamy soap with ladybug and bumblebee tops make me use more soap, LIFE'S GREAT; today I feel like an angry bird; I love it when my sister scores a goal in soccer because I get ice cream; oatmeal is scrumptious; other things are good for you too, like junk food; traffic slows me down, if you eat too many sun flower seeds your tongue hurts; riding the bus is okay as long as you can't drive; Culver's Butter Burgers are to die for; Aquafresh is the best toothpaste; *"My mom and dad say grandchildren are the best,"* says Elijah; life on the lake is fantastic; sand up your butt itches; wedgies are worse; hanging with friends at a bonfire sounds great; I miss the foreign exchange students from last year; dum dum suckers never get old; my boyfriend makes me laugh; Miley Cyrus is my favorite; TV shows are hilarious; make your dreams come true; *"Your life, your feeling; it is your choice; enjoy every second you have of it, Mom. Thank God for what he has given you,"* Elijah said; expect the unexpected; people born in May are the best; never lie; Love your enemy; be grateful and appreciate Mother; baths aren't the best, bubbles make it better; money isn't everything; blonds make me laugh hysterically; some days are better than others, Elijah don't confuse your needs and your wants; catching water in air takes skill; colorful underwear is always the way to go—at least for me; don't you think it is your attitude from the moment you wake up that determines your day?

True friendship  
knows NO  
boundaries.



Myra Canine

Enjoy all the little things in life; smell the flowers as you walk by; always pick up trash and properly dispose of recyclables; keep the earth we are blessed to have clean; thank God every day you are alive; go to church every Sunday and keep the Sabbath holy; sing loud in church and lose yourself in song; sing in the car and in the shower as well; you must sing as if no one is listening and dance as if no one is watching; do not let others' opinions bother you; remember that the final judgment is the only one that matters; you must remember every action you take is done for the Lord our God; stand up to those who discriminate and hate others; this is how to be true to who you are; *but how do I do so?* ;this is how to appreciate your differences; always find beauty in imperfections; you must be able to look at yourself in the mirror and be proud of who you are and where you have come in life; start and end every day with a smile; always be as happy as you can possible be; *but how do you find happiness in times of tragedy?*; treat every day as a gift and never take anything for granted; every day you must go out and make a difference; always remember you can do anything you set your mind to; so dreams are ever too big or small; remember if God sends you on strong paths, he will provide you with strong shoes; are you going to let life pass you by?

# My Dad's Car

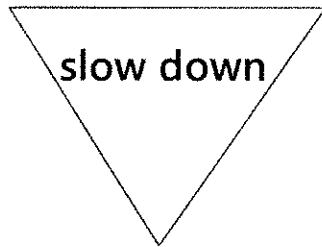
By Paige Ehrecke

**"the world goes by awfully fast at 100 mph"**

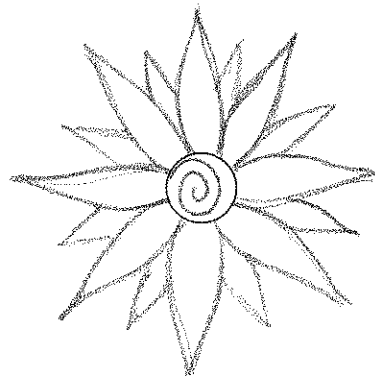


It may be fun, but always remember to

take the chance to



And enjoy the little things life has to offer



# **Carpe Diem: Live Like There is NO Tomorrow**

**By Katie Clark-Witter**

**Just a simple car ride,**

**You don't look at the beautiful scenery.**

**On just a simple walk,**

**You don't smell the beautiful flowers.**

**Live each day like it's the last,**

**You don't know where you will be tomorrow,**

**No one is even sure how this day will end.**

**Spend the money you have to blow,**

**Experience what you thought you never could.**

**Stop and spend your time in the sun,**

**Because we never know how long it will be shining.**

**Feel every feeling there is to feel,**

**And be everything you wish you could.**

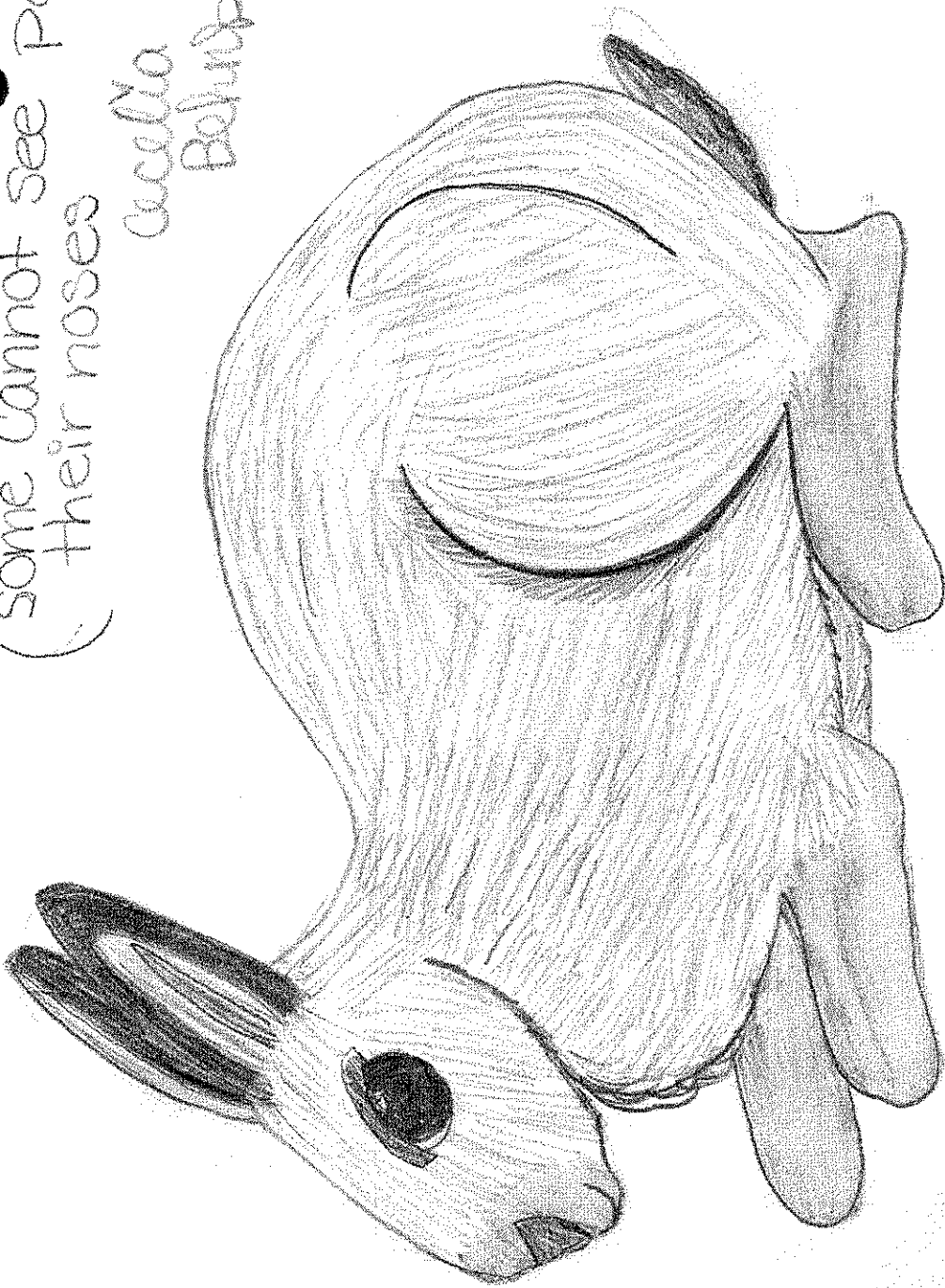
**For tomorrow is never a promise.**

**But today is set in stone.**

# “ବିପ୍ରୀତ ଶରୀରର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାର “ସିଂହାସନ”

(Some Cannot see Past  
their noses)

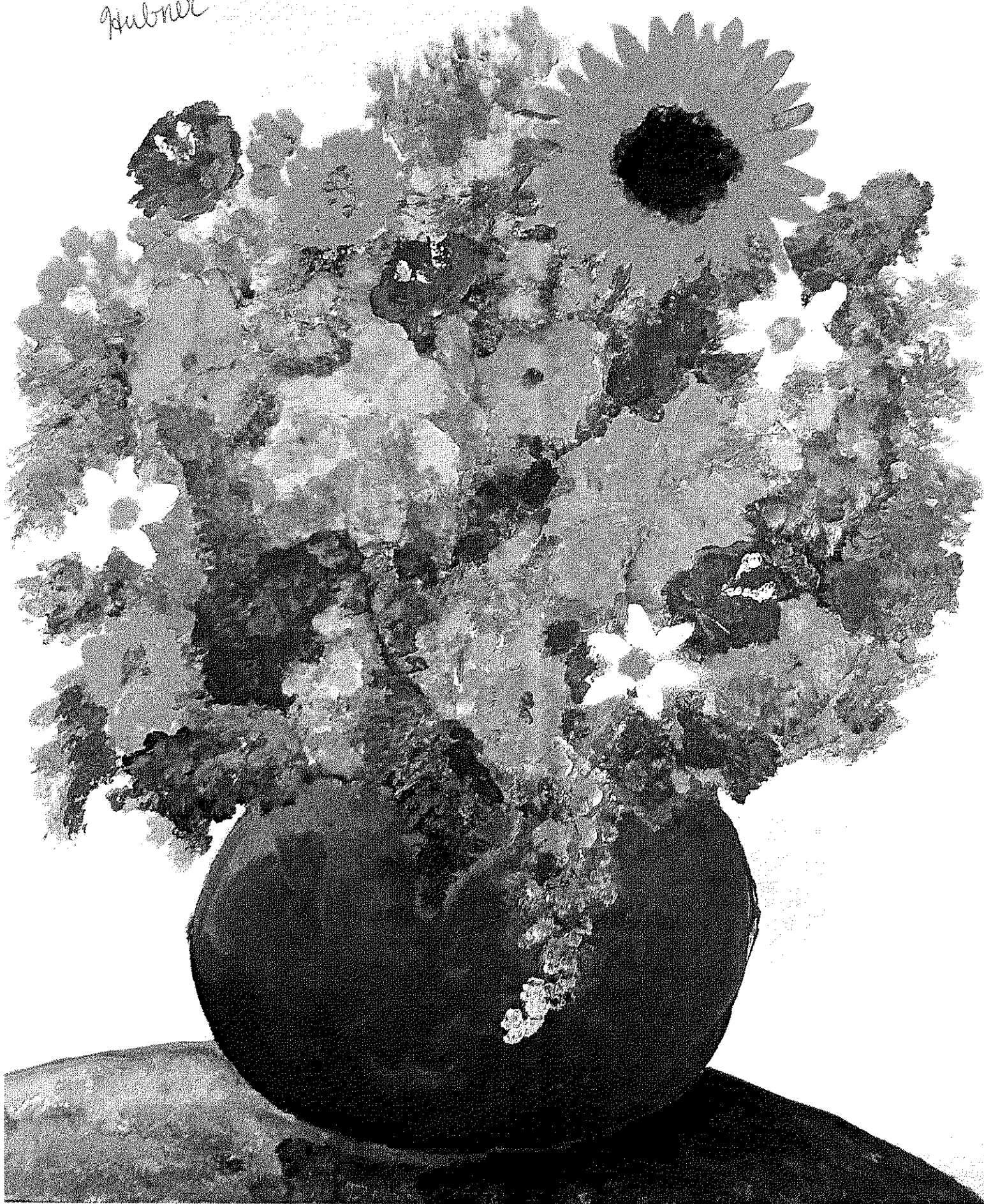
*Acacia*  
*Behrbe*



# INHALE AN OPPORTUNITY. EXHALE AN ADVENTURE.

GABY MORGAN

Emma  
Hubner





# Wasted Water

*The waters of time flood the dams  
we have hastily erected.  
A torrent impossible to stop.*

*We strive to ebb its flow  
so that we may catch our breath.  
A wave unable to be halted.*

*Our fears awaken as we realize  
we know not where this river leads.  
A current impervious to diversion.*

Your approach is wrong.  
The eddy is invincible to your influence  
and as you try to contain it  
it slips through your grasp.  
The surge is not something  
that should be stopped.  
It exists to carry you.

So ride it.  
Go with the flow.  
Trust it to take you  
where you need to be.  
It is the most valuable resource  
and the easiest to attain.  
So do not let a drop of it be wasted.

You cannot afford to lose another moment.  
Dive in.  
Submerge yourself and take advantage  
of the time you still have.

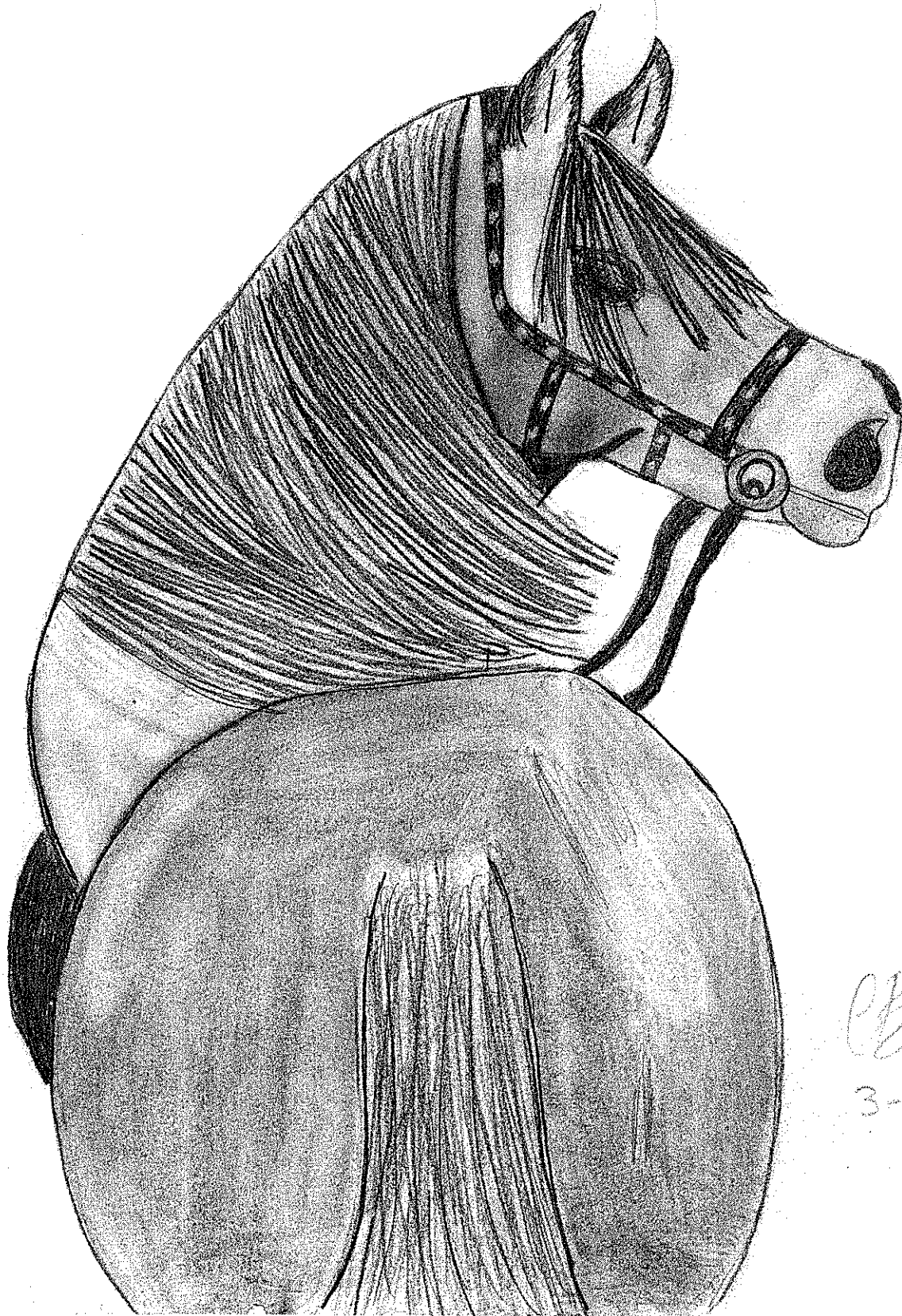
*-Ben Subl*

**Be Courageous**

**Be Spontaneous**

*Be Yourself*

-Annie DeVries



**Twirl** my *hair*  
because *I* CAN.

~Savanah Hummel

*Carpe Diem Poem*  
*Jacob Connor*

*Time is everlasting  
Time never stops  
You don't have long  
To live your life.  
So live while you can  
Appreciate it while you can*

*Don't let anything stop you  
From doing what you want.  
Cherish the moments  
That mean the most to you  
Do everything you can and  
Don't make any excuses.*

*Live your life  
Like you want to live your life  
Not by how someone else wants you to live.  
Be who you want to be and  
Seize the day.*

## Life's Requiem

If Life gives to you an hour, take a day.  
If Life gives to you a day, take a week.  
If Life gives to you a week, take a month,  
And if Life gives to you a month, take a year.

If Life makes you lay down, crawl.  
If Life makes you crawl, walk.  
If Life makes you walk, run,  
And if Life allows you to run, race.

If Life gives to you thoughts, then think.  
If Life allows you to think, speak.  
If Life allows you to speak, make yourself heard,  
And if Life allows you to be heard, make it worth hearing.

Many have died in Life because they didn't use it well.  
Many have died and sucked Life herself dry.  
Many have died without knowing what Life was.  
We all die, make your epitaph worth reading.

-Jakob Arana

# **"Life"**

By: Josh Limkeman

Rise and shine it's a new day  
There are endless things life brings your way  
Whether they're bitter or sweet  
It's how you deal with the shit that determines if you succeed!

Step outside and take a deep breath  
Sometimes I swear fresh air could prevent death  
Love and adore your friends and families  
They are the only ones who will be around you forever  
You don't want to miss a single opportunity thrown your way  
Because it's through new experiences that brighten your day!

Sometimes we feel let down and hurt  
But that's just a part of life  
There are many twists and turns that we must face  
In the end grace is what keeps us in place  
Never the less life is a wonderful thing  
So go out and do the unexpected!

*The Island*  
*Jacob Connor*

*Feeling like I am at the edge of the world,  
There are clouds all around  
I can feel the mist as I listen to the water flow  
The bright rainbow shines,  
As I smile, I can smell the freshness of the trees.  
I am surrounded by quietness and peace  
As I feel calm and relaxed.  
I can almost hear my thoughts,  
As I gaze into the sky.  
I can see birds soaring around  
and I can hear them sing  
I can see the crystal clear ocean,  
That smells so fresh.  
The mountain range is right above me,  
Towering over me  
My view of the island is breath-taking.*



## Where Love Grows

By: Kacie Moeller

The sun is fading behind darkening clouds  
As the crowd gradually disappears.  
It has stood for years watching the love of so many;  
A place where relationships grow and hearts open,  
And scenery promises eternities of love.  
Dinners will be served and memories will be made,  
Carrying forward until the end of time.

Standing in the shadows is a couple so close,  
As their hearts and souls yearn for one another.  
Their love so tender and marriage so pure,  
Displaying love as happily ever after.

The city of Paris, so beautiful at night,  
The sky so luminous,  
Couples' futures looking bright.  
Marriages strengthen and true-heartedness shows,  
Where the Café Brasserie remains and relationships glow.

Alex Roy

## Protected

The dark amber blanket  
Above our heads,  
Protects us from what we dread.  
The things that harm us:  
The lust, the lies, and the mistrust.  
From this dark rain that drizzles down  
To the restless efforts of the wandering leaves.  
We'll be together,  
Forever and always.

The same dark amber shield  
Is here to stay.  
Protecting us on this rainy day.  
The same path, we still have this fire.  
We'll always be covered by each other.  
With our trust-worthy umbrella.  
With its great strengths,  
We will be able to defend ourselves from anything.

“A Beautiful Autumn Stream”

By: Josh Limkeman

Wake up! Good morning!

This gorgeous day is quite appealing.

I really do enjoy this feeling.

When I'm flying around blowing through the trees,

I can't help but notice how beautiful they seem to be.

Elaborate in color,

all the leaves look like their best friends with one another.

As I take a swan dive into this rapid stream,

the sun keeps beaming down making everything glistening.

I can't help but travel in all directions,

this place is mesmerizing in all its sections.

I feel like I'm doing such a good job,

blowing around making everything bob.

This place is now full of life and rhythm.

I the wind take credit for the rhythm.

None the less it's just a typically beautiful day,

its now just about time to blow the other way.



Michael Hingstgen

There is nothing quite like the light of day.

Shining on your smiling, happy face

Everything put together, in it's place.

Everything, all of it is all right, I say.

My heart blooms like a flower in May.

It occupies my mind, and time and space.

And I would like nothing more than here to lay.

For time and life are as delicate as starched lace.

I can breathe and exist in a state of okay.

I can move about at an easy pace.

I need not run, hide, or fear disgrace.

My world is relatively perfect today.

My life is contained in a painting by Monet.

[Ashley Raleigh]

## Summer Time

The sun could not stay in the east,  
The sunrise shook from the earth,  
Like the separation of night and day,  
The day had just unrolled.

The sun's rays peak through the morning  
fog,  
Where they bring joy and happiness to  
The children's hearts and laughter  
bubbles  
From their faces like soap from a fountain.

The young children are ready to play,  
To start a new day. but  
Before they can come out,  
To fill their spirits with another summer's  
day,  
They must please their parents by  
Sitting down for breakfast.

They would play a friendly game of  
football  
Between the grass and weeds and  
flowers;  
It was a place where every child was  
picked,  
Where colored meant nothing and  
Nobody was called hurtful names.

The parents know that the grass stains  
Will soil their daughters' sundresses  
And their sons' trousers;  
Baths will be required at bed time.

The sun has grown stronger and brighter;  
The parents watch cautiously on all sides;  
They see children running, running  
around.

The children run into the woods;  
They enjoy games of hide and seek  
among the trees  
Until their stomachs begin to growl.

The children heard the noon bells chime;  
Stomachs growling, aching for lunchtime.  
Falling over each other,  
They come as noisily as wind through fall  
trees.

The day moves quickly, as the children  
dance and play,  
Wondering what the rest of the sunlight  
will bring their way.  
Night after night, day after day, the sun  
cycles from East to West;  
Children play upon the horizons; covered  
in dirt, they slowly  
Trudge home to wash up for bed time.

As the children fall asleep, dreaming of  
the fun day awaiting,  
They wait anxiously for morning to come.  
Summer time; sun shining so bright,  
Summer time; so full of light,  
Brings happiness to the children.

**Dreaming** by J.D. Pumphrey

*“ZZZZzzzz”* the sound of the mind flourishing

And dreams are fulfilling our minds,

It's a place with no boundaries

And anything is possible,

Where we can think something and live it

And put aside the things that are realistic,

In our minds we are invincible

And nobody can influence our own world

Dreaming is like living in a fairy tale,

Knights and dragons,

We are the controllers of true and false

Imagining whatever is entering our brain,

And “Bang” one loud noise awakes us

And back to reality we are, till the next time...

Till we are slowly falling asleep again

And about to dream about the things undreamt

**SWING; YOU DON'T NEED A  
PLAYGROUND.**

**-NATHAN GREVE**



### **Passionate Play**

If I should dream of you until morning,  
I nearly wish to never awaken,  
But with memories like ecstasy,  
Sleep seems but a waste,  
For with undeniable love,  
Nothing short from the perfect fantasy,  
Your love has me drunk.

But, alas!  
Though spellbound I may be,  
My mind lay not dormant,  
But rather in a dazed state,  
With thoughts of your breath teasing my skin,  
And your hands, slowly wandering astray,  
So soft, so gentle,  
Leisurely moving to caressing my body.

My growing impatience, nearly unbearable,  
My increasing desire, surely unquenchable,  
He stops, pulling my face towards his,  
And with a look of adoration, he whispers in my ear,  
"For tonight, there is only us."

Keeva Hettinger

## A Church Well Built

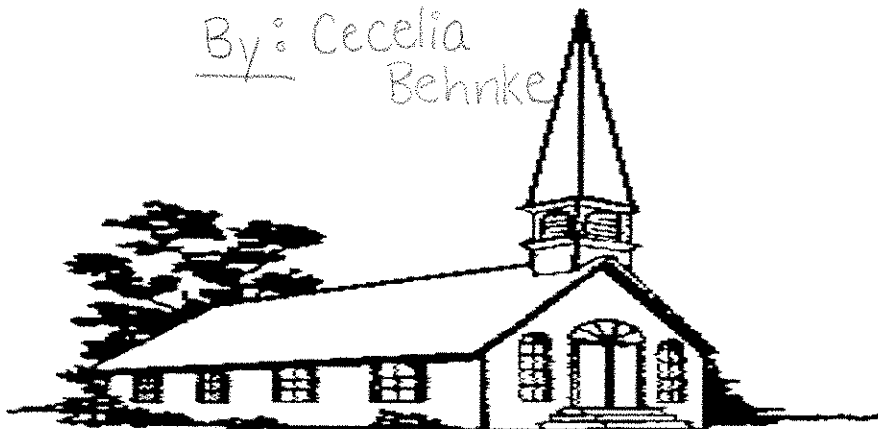
In glorious splendor, a church stands still...  
Built by generations of families and noble men.  
Beautiful stained glass windows with sunlight coming through  
With slick wooden pews and altar too.  
Through sweat and blood, they built the church...  
A church they would always remember.

Working hard and proud, they got the  
Job done.  
They stood back in awe at God's home  
They built.  
With glorious St. Ann looking back  
Down on them too.  
The little country church was joyous.

Seating 250 people, a safe built fortress  
For family and friends...  
A community brought together.  
All sang and prayed to the angels above  
And for their blessed home  
St. Ann.  
All together as one large family.

Years flew by quick as if there was no stopping.  
136 years past...  
A church served well.  
With hard work, determination, and generations  
of good family members.  
Legacy moving on...  
A safe haven to remember and go back to.

By: Cecelia  
Behnke





"Old St. Ann's"  
Cecilia  
Behr



Cecilia  
Behnke  
11th grade

# Horses

When the afternoon sun heats up the day  
and casts shadows from up above,  
The grass a vibrant lime green with cream-colored hay grass,  
A wire sturdy fencing to keep god's majestic creature safe.

Something moves all of a sudden in the pasture  
You look up and see a powerful shape run towards you  
the sun gleaming on its red-brown coat,  
You try to see the shape better that is coming towards you

Powerful legs swinging, haunches moving up and down  
bright light surrounding the creature  
Tail swishing back and fourth in rhythm to its running  
You try and guess: "who's horse is that?"

Clop, Clop, Clop! The hooves beat against the  
green-covered ground.

All of a sudden the creature comes to a complete stop in front of me...  
I realize that its my horse!  
The mare puts her head down and rests  
She snorts to let out a breath of air

She turns her head so I can pet her,  
With ears forward and head resting, she listens to  
what I'm saying.  
"What a beautiful creature" I think to myself

With speed, stamina, courage, and power,  
these creatures bond a friendship with humans  
They are beautiful...  
Horses!

In the Chinese culture, the horse is a  
symbol of love, endurance, stability, and devotion  
For me, I certainly agree!

- Cecelia Behnke

Nicole Ashby

## Flowers

Take these Flowers from my Hands

I want to share the Peace.

Take these Flowers as a Gift

I want to share the Love.

Take these flowers as my Friend

I want to share our Friendship.

Take, take, take these Flowers from

My hands.

I accept these Flowers from your Hands

I want to feel the Peace.

I accept these Flowers as a Gift

I want to feel the Love.

I accept these Flowers as your Friend

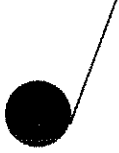
I want to feel our Friendship.

I accept, accept, accept these Flowers from

Your hands.

# Piano


The most colorful music



Seems to float out  
of the beautiful black and white piano.

It's so powerful,

so moving,  
so sensitive.





Its beauty brings tears to my eyes  
and floods me with a sense of peace.

I could listen for hours

I am jealous of those that can play

I say I want to learn...

But will I?



Paige Ehrecke

Jennah Davison

Family. Friends. Life. Feeling truly blessed.





## Opinions

Don't slouch when you are walking, it is not becoming; but don't stick your chest out either—you will end up looking like a rooster; don't ever speak too loudly in a quiet room, and don't use your phone in a library; *does texting count?*; when picking out a book, look for something you will enjoy; always remember to bring a bag to put your books in; don't try to ride a bike carrying those books; don't wear a skirt when you are riding a bike, it doesn't work out well; if you fall, get up and dust yourself off, don't stand there looking like a lost puppy; if you see a stray dog don't pet it; you don't know what you could catch from those mangy creatures—and don't pet stray cats either; but why do you insist on standing like one?; *: I'm not! This is as straight as my back gets!*; don't argue with me; always be respectful to the people in charge of you; you can be in charge of yourself when you turn eighteen—but don't grow up too fast; *can I at least dress like I'm older?*; wearing low cut shirts does not make you look older; it makes you look like your clothes are too big; and don't wear tight shirts either, no one wants to see everything in your stomach; don't eat too much before you wear a dress, there is no need to look chubby; if you do wear a dress always be sure to wear spandex or tights underneath; knowing you, you'll end up tripping on those obnoxiously high heels you like so much; try a pair of flats every now and then, they won't kill you; but if you insist on wearing heels, find a decent boy to help you keep your balance; *Mom, I don't need a boy to hold me up*; and don't fall in love with the boy, things don't usually work out anyway; if a boy wants a hug, you might as well give it to him; but don't just give them out to anyone; and don't act like the flirt so many girls are trying to be—it's not becoming; wait for the right man to come along; you'll know him when you meet him; but don't so searching for him, or you will be 85 years old by the time you are married; and why do you insist on standing like the old bat you'll be by the time you find him?

Taryn Pepping

## Mittens

Do not leave a mess behind; clean up all your litter; Mother gets tired of constantly vacuuming around your little box; always play nice with your sister, even though she may irritate you; be nice to everybody; do not meow just to meow; when you need my attention is the only exception; I know how you love to talk; this is how you get my attention; I know you get lonely while I am at school all day; do not get too lonely, after all you can play with your sister; now don't get upset, your sister has a cute, funny, and spunky personality; *but she is annoying and always comes out of nowhere to attack me, I don't like being attacked*; you have been getting pretty plump lately, and I do not think that is healthy for your little body; do try to exercise while I am gone at school; this is how to make sure you are eating the right amount; this is how you burn these calories off; do not think that sleeping all day will help you lose your weight; this is why I love you; so not give up; do sit on my lap when I do homework and give me advice; this is how you should lay in my lap when I am typing; this is how you should curl up beside me as I am reading; do not stop coming to see me in the morning; deep me in tune to your daily events; *it does get awfully boring with nothing to do all day, especially with you being gone all day*; do not tear up my essays; do not think I enjoy rewriting them all the time; this is how you can pick up the paper and bring it to me; do not put up a fight—you know I will win; how many times have I told you not to bite?; do make sure you know our rule about biting; always make sure you are surrounded by those you love; make every day worth living; do not stay mad at a person you love; have you learned enough for one day?

# A True Best Friend

By: Lindsay McGraw

Pages constricted together  
Purple skin secured with a belt.  
Unleash your secrets,  
I'm ready to discover.  
People turn against you, I remain loyal  
I don't scrutinize, just welcome your words.  
I remember spectacular first prints  
Written along my crisp pages.  
A little girl scribbles, I cannot comprehend  
Her language, her story, her hieroglyphics.  
In time I'm forgotten, left to obscurity.

Laced with a coat of dust, years shot by  
I'm opened, pages worthy to breathe,  
Something is different.  
My binding feels stronger hands,  
The little girl now a woman.  
Black liquid descends upon me,  
Now the real story begins.  
Secrets, lies, dreams, desires  
Fears, drama, tears, and wishes  
Overtake me front to back.  
Your words, I will never tell.

Tag

Ten...nine...

My buds and I stand in line

Trying to see what each child is behind

When they get in a group and assign

Who will count on us pine.

Eight...seven...six...

We try to tell you as we shake our sticks

That one is hiding by the bricks

Looking a little frantic

While others enjoy their picnics.

Five...four...three...

I see you peek Annie

As counting becomes quick and slurry

After all, I am a tree

Watching the others begin to scurry.

Two...one...

Ready or not he's on the run

Having all sorts of fun

But just a couple more and they're all done

Playing till down goes the sun.

Nicholas Kramer



Widner  
Hingger

Twinkling Beauty By: Nicole Reed

As the sun set and the moon rose  
He came and stole my beating heart, with such a vivid sky  
never shall I forget that night

The blanket of darkness covered the Earth;  
They appeared without coaxing  
Changing clear gases into burning golden stars  
Bright and Bold they stand  
As the moonlight reminds me of His continual love

A wishfulness – please shoot across that darkened hole  
My twinkling beauty smiled at me  
A sudden surprise  
I froze, amazed.  
As throughout this wonder inspired night her bright, hot, sparks fly  
Racing from point to point, she skid  
*Swish.....*  
and disappeared  
She left yet we still recall her frightful beauty  
A beautiful strikingly forceful girl  
Created by Him to show Himself to me

What I adore very few see  
I have seen, I will always believe  
This summer I will sit again in that glory-filled spot.

**Michelle Amling**

**There's no  
other  
family like  
mine.**



# An Ode to my Parents

By: Cecelia Behnke

I may not always make you  
Happy...

But I know that no matter how hard I try  
YOU still love me.

I may even be mean to you sometimes...

But I still know YOU love me.

When I say hateful words and apologize,  
YOU always forgive me.

When I am struggling, YOU are  
always there to help me.

But Mom... Dad... there is one thing I  
need to tell you.

I just want you to know that I LOVE YOU  
as much as you love me!



*Mother and Daughter*

*Mixed Media: Gesso, paint,  
and color pencils*

*Emma Wall*

I am  
a dancer in the rain  
I wonder why rain makes everything feel new.  
I hear music everywhere I go; crooning like a canary in my ear.  
I see that untouchable rainbow at the end of the storm.

I want new dancing shoes.  
I am a dancer in the rain.  
I pretend I can fly.

I feel wet,  
but don't  
really  
care.  
I touch  
my rain  
boots as  
a I  
rush  
outside.  
I worry  
a tornado  
will tear  
up my  
beautiful  
rain.  
I cry  
because  
I trip  
and fall  
in a  
puddle.  
I am a dancer in the rain.

I understand the beauty in each drop.

I say rain, rain don't go away. Come again every day.

I dream of simple, rainy days.

I try to hop from puddle to puddle in a rhythm.

I hope I can always enjoy and dance to my heart's content.

I am a dancer in the rain.

Stephanie Konrady

**F**un to play

**L**ots of note fingerings

**U**nder spotlight on stage

**T**eaching others

**E**xcellent instrument to play

By: Cecelia Behnke

11<sup>th</sup> grade

## ***Sweet Dreams of Music Themes***

**I am** a musical daydreamer. **I wonder** why the composers shaped the music they way they did. **I hear** the sweet resonance of the symphony as they create the wonderful melodies and harmonies. **I see** the player's fingers gliding swiftly from key to key as they create the sweet music. **I want** to learn how to play every instrument in a symphony to create beautiful melodic sounds.

**I am** a musical daydreamer. **I pretend** that I am up on the podium, waving my baton like a butterfly soaring through the air. **I feel** a tug at my heartstrings when the melody seems to pass through me creating a delightful sensation. **I touch** the smooth grain of a clarinet and the slick brass of a trumpet, thinking about playing in a grand ensemble.

**I worry** when my finger slips off a key and a wrong note comes blaring from my horn. **I cry** when my daydreams of music must come to a halt due to my everyday responsibilities. **I am** a musical daydreamer. **I understand** I have to work at making my daydreams grow to be a reality. **I say** to myself, "keep trying, work hard" when I can't play an intricate piece of my music. **I dream** everyday about being up on the podium and hearing a thousand claps ringing in my ears because the symphony played as wonderful as an angel choir. **I try** to go out for every single honor band I can, in hope of improving myself and gaining new experiences. **I hope** that my musical education and conductors prepare me for my future.

**I am** a musical daydreamer. ~Allison Coe

# I Am a Devoted Reader

By Miranda Hale

*I am a devoted reader.*

*I wonder* what will become of my favorite characters.

*I hear* the pages continuously turning.

*I see* the details unfold before my eyes.

*I want* the final page to never come.

*I am a devoted reader.*

*I pretend* the novel is not fiction, but reality.

*I feel* as if the characters have become a part of me.

*I touch* the pages as my heart fills with excitement.

*I worry* that the ending will come all too suddenly.

*I cry* at the pain of my beloved protagonist.

*I am a devoted reader.*

*I understand* the struggles of the characters.

*I say* to myself, all will turn out as it should be.

*I dream* of entering the world of the story.

*I try* to predict what will happen next.

*I hope* for a sequel when I finish.

*I am a devoted reader.*

Helena La Corte

Short.  
**Strong.**  
**Willing Worker.**  
Take that!





Michael Hingten



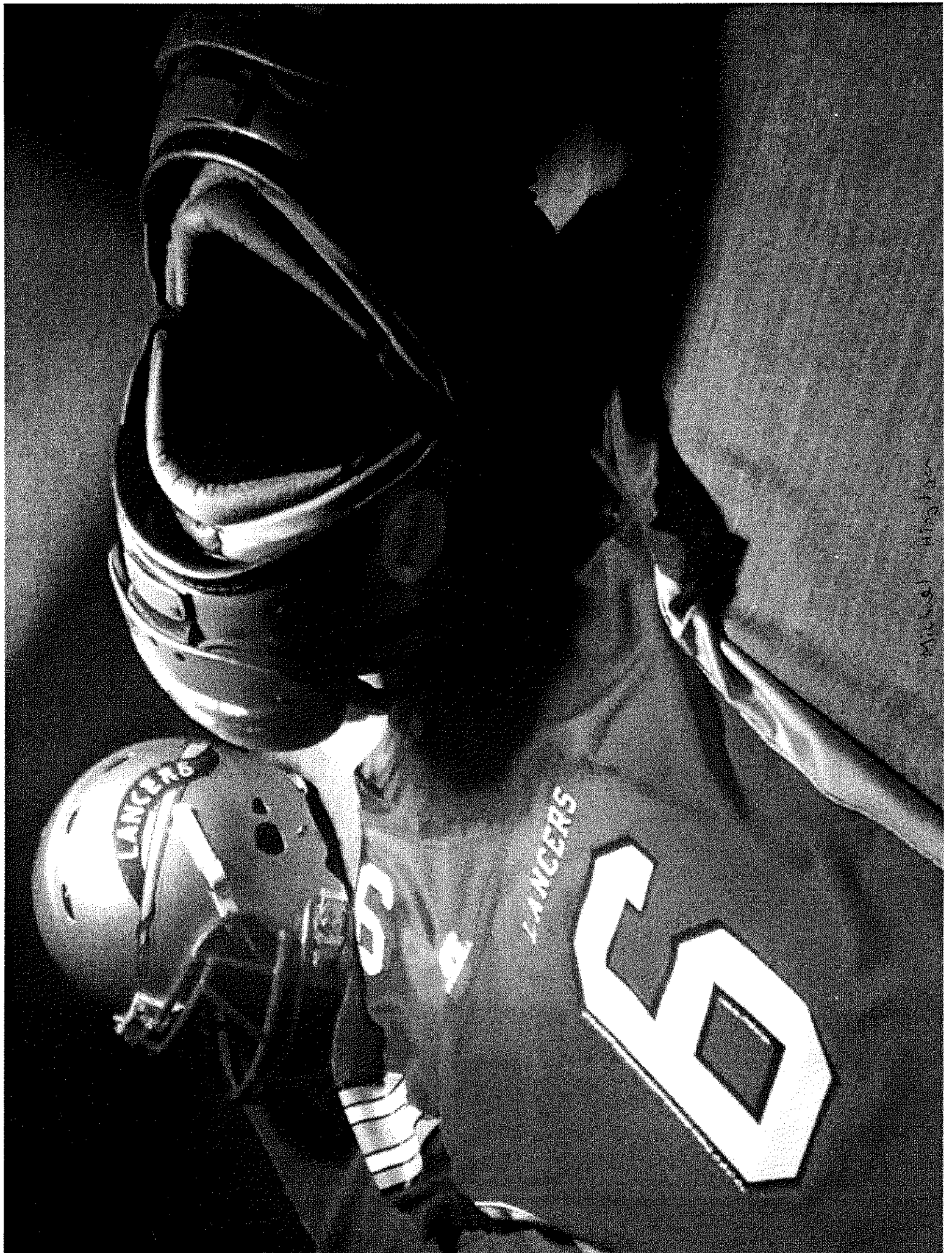
## To Play the Game

I am a hardworking athlete  
I wonder constantly how I can help my team  
I hear the fans cheering “Go Lancers”  
I see the ball moving quickly across the field  
I want to win each game my team plays  
I am a hardworking athlete

I pretend I am in the Olympics  
I feel the ball moving at my feet  
I touch the ground with each quick step  
I worry about what the other team will do next  
I cry for joy when my team scores  
I am a hardworking athlete

I understand every aspect of the game  
I say my team is undefeatable and I believe it  
I dream of being the best player I can be  
I try to improve each chance I get  
I hope I can help my team win every game  
I am a hardworking athlete

Lauren Gottfreid



# Just Run

I am a *passionate* runner

I wonder how much farther I have. Should I kick it in now?

I hear the crowds cheering at the finish—for those ahead of me, then for me

I see the finish drawing near. It is time to lay **everything** I have left in me down on the course

I want *more than anything* to catch the girls ahead of me, one by one

I am a *passionate* runner

I pretend I feel no pain; it's not going to kill me, right?

I feel my chest tightening, but there is no turning back

I touch the finish line; sometimes I fall across, but I've learned that does not show weakness, it shows the courage to finish

I worry for my team, for the results—did I catch enough people?

I cry sometimes when I see my time—few times tears of sadness, and many times tears of **PRIDE**

I am a *passionate* runner

I understand that pain is a temporary thing, and that my pride will last a **lifetime**

I say that *nothing* will bring me down—whether that is true or not

I dream of someday breaking records, being the best of the best

I try my **hardest** everyday, sweat pouring off of me like *rain*

I hope that *one day* it will all pay off as I plan

I am a *passionate* runner

Emily Lane

Talent Beyond Shadows  
Kacie Moeller

It all begins when the heart is  
free; bright ideas with curious  
thought, gracefully compose  
the melody like beautiful  
swans. Pages sing through  
eyes at first sight, till  
led to the *da capo*  
in order to follow.  
All around beautiful  
songs are playing,  
displaying exquisite  
talent beyond  
shadows. Hate,  
passion, happiness  
in its extravagance  
sparkles, shining  
inside is utterly  
magical.

Simple marks  
with dark round *heads*,  
arise wonderful talent and  
beautiful sound. Resonance fills  
the room, and drums of silver pound  
vivid with sound. The rumble of thunder  
*cadences* continuous pulses which yearn  
for *time*. Enlightened with emphasis the  
*tempo* will *vivace* causing *dynamics* to  
*diminuendo* and cease. I hear the sweet  
echoes surrounding me; but, like  
many *melodious* things, time  
will come when the  
*fine* ends.



Music is Found  
Rearranged Paper  
Emma Wall

# Canvas

*I am a white flat flawless faced surface.*

*Countless opportunities are waiting.*

*I could be made into a master-piece*

*If that is my fate.*

*The stroke of a brush pulled in the wrong direction can break my chance,*

*Or make it a new one. I have*

*Potential.*

*In the first stroke*

*My ridges pull the paint off the brush silently and hold it into place.*

*A line, turns into a shape, turns into a figure.*

*My surface is covered, mixed, and molded.*

*I deceive your eyes,*

*I am still a flat board*

*But you see depth and life in me.*

*Through the countless strokes*

*flowing off my surface*

*and into the air.*

*I have become my own.*

**G**od is light to my  
**darkness.**

**CRAZY**  
**LIFE FULL OF**  
**FLAKY FUN!**

# How to Climb

This is how you climb a wall; this is the rope; this rope is made of jute; it is twisted; turned; this is the way to tie the rope; it must be tied around your waist; you must use a helmet; this helmet is made of plastic; this plastic is tough; just like your willingness to climb; this is the feeling of accomplishment; this is how to get an A; this is how you must pay attention; *but what if I don't want to pay attention?* This is how you do it; this is like the journey of life; this is the hardship you will face; *I won't face any hardships.* This is the bridge you must cross; this is like a religion; *but what if I don't have a religion?* You must follow your dreams; you must dream; you must sleep; but don't sleep too long; this is how the days change; this is how people change; this is death; this is birth; this is how to have a new life; you must attempt a new life; this is how to follow a path; this is how to make a path; this is how you cut a tree; this is how you clear your land; this is how to conserve; this is how to get to the top; *but what if I don't want to be on the top?* This is how a bird flies; this is how you can be a bird; this is how you are a bird; this is how you feel in the sky; this is how you can be blue; what do you do when you are Blue?

Tanner Paustian



### A Grappler's Shoe

I'm material with a rubber soul.

I'm engineered by the greats.

I'm put on and tightened,

Designed to withstand any and all intense workouts.

I'm worn through the breakdown of many humans.

I'm there through the sweat, tears, and pain.

I'm soggy in a muggy room.

I'm with you when hard work and determination seems helpless.

I'm no longer confined.

The noticing of many,

As the pre-game loosen up begins.

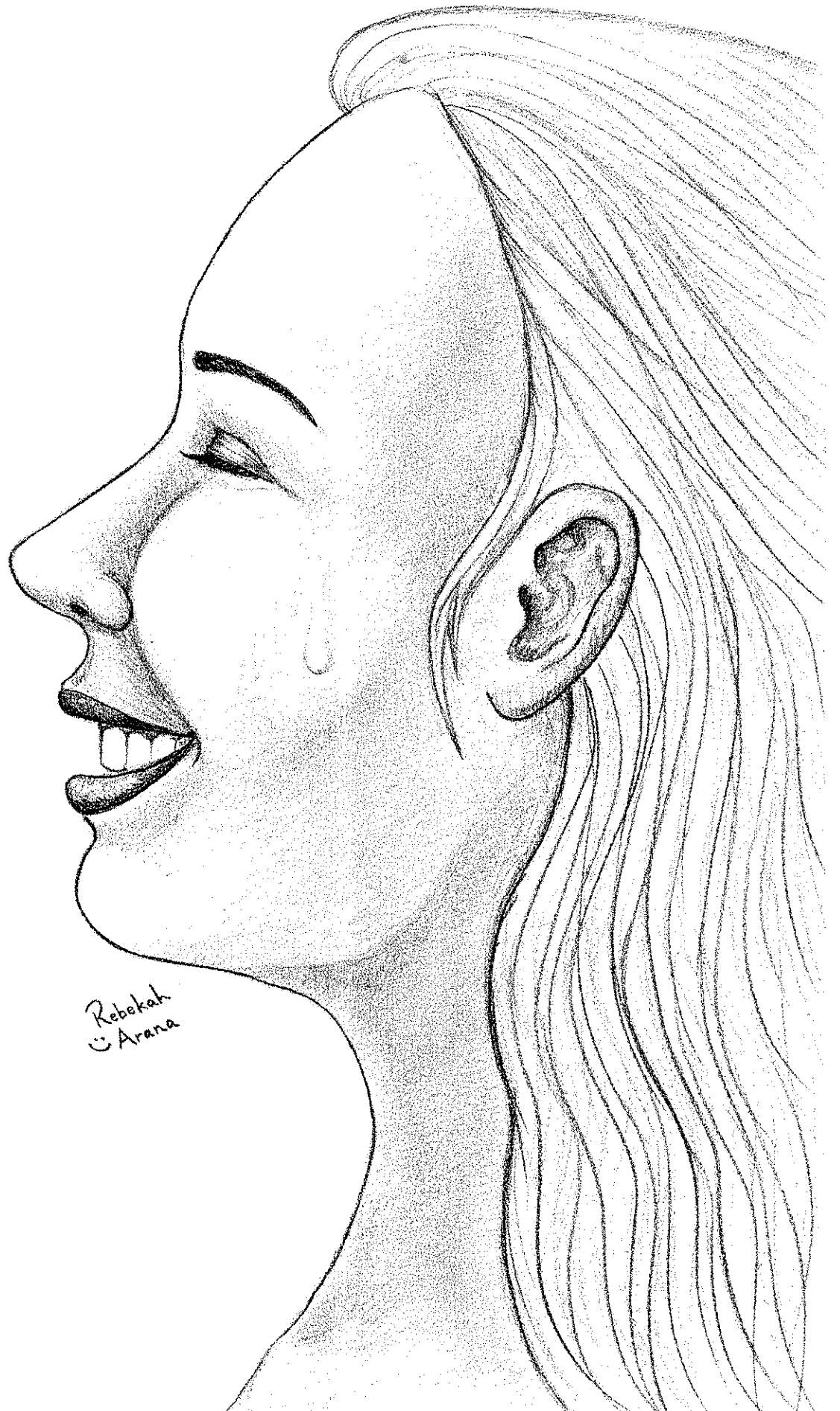
The laces are tied to perfection.

The sound of the noise as it slowly creeps out.

The final result laying on the grappler's shoulders,

The determination and hard work I see no longer helpless.

The hand being raised.



### Didn't I Find a Voice?

I sat under the blossoming pear tree  
And saw the bees in perfect harmony with nature.  
I wondered and wondered how I could achieve this.  
I wasn't sure which actions to take.

But didn't I find a voice?  
I left that Logan Killicks without a backwards glance  
I had the strength to say 'no'  
I knew I couldn't grow to love him, no matter how much I had hoped  
We weren't meant to be  
I followed my heart instead

And didn't I find a voice?  
I stayed strong throughout all my years with Jody  
I never gave up on finding a voice  
When he called me old,  
I fired insults right back at him  
Jody oppressed me for years,  
Keeping me quiet and making me wear head rags,  
But I never surrendered to him

And didn't I find a voice?  
With Tea Cake I was free to speak when I wanted  
I was able to make my own choices  
I made friends and learned new things  
I worked hard  
I discovered life

And didn't I find a voice?  
I found the love I'd been searchin' for  
I experienced life's joys and sorrows  
I returned to Eatonville with peace in my mind  
Yeah, I found a voice.

-Miranda Hale

## Life: Triumph and Tragedy

I am a kindhearted observer of life

I wonder why I ever thought that my life was hard, compared to theirs  
I hear the hurtful and judgmental words whispered secretly from one to the other  
I see the smile that fades from their face throughout the years  
I want to help those who are desperately and silently pleading for help  
I am a kindhearted observer of life

I pretend to agree with the pointless gossip that is constantly spreading  
I feel guilty when my words reinforce their pain  
I touch my palms together and pray to Him for forgiveness  
I worry they will not maintain their strength  
I cry when I see tears fall from their eyes  
I am a kindhearted observer of life

I understand that choice is not always an option  
I say that everyone and everything deserves a chance  
I dream that I will have a positive impact  
I try to stay true to who I am and who I want to be  
I hope that everything happens for a reason  
I am a kindhearted observer of life

-Kaitlin Schmidt



*Let the light  
shine through  
darkness.*

# Rainbows

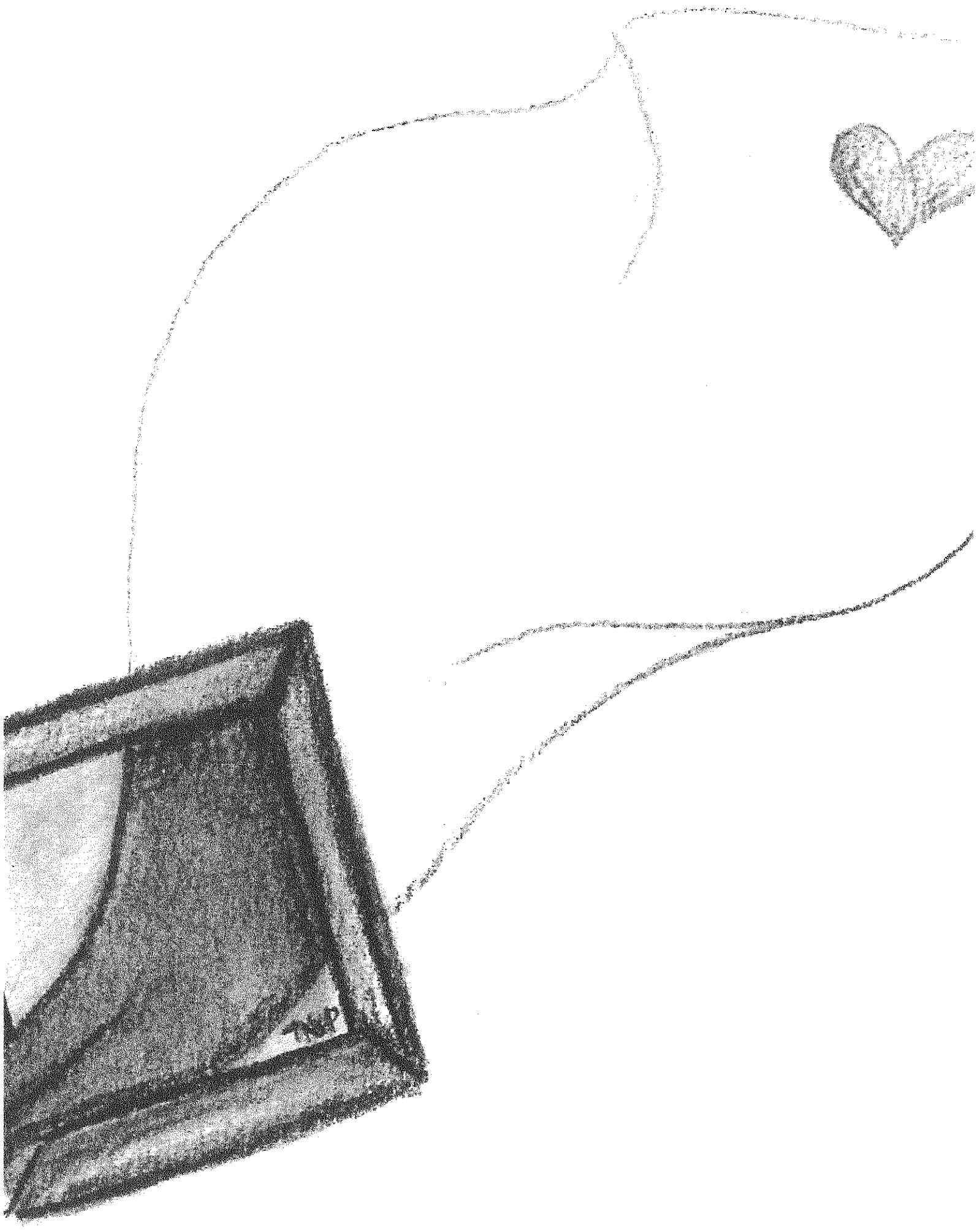
By Jacob Haan

A rainbow is a glorious beam across the sky  
All the unique colors align to form magnificence  
All the visible shades of a spectrum working together to inspire  
All the colors, a rainbow is the only fully accepting thing in this unforgiving world.

A musky gray cloud blots out the sky  
It blocks the colors of this rainbow  
It hides the uniqueness of Red, Orange, and Yellow  
It suffocates Indigo, Violet, Green, and Blue.

Stop that gray cloud from masking the beauty  
Stop the dark spot over society  
Stop preventing the self-expression of uniqueness.

Rise and blow away the cloud.  
Rise and help the person to your left.  
Rise and help the person to your right.  
Rise and help us blow away this cloud.



*Freedom Wings*

Fly Around where ever you want:

No boundaries.

Sun always shining,

Gleaming on these flapping wings.

Fly to get away.

You will never know home,

Unless you can soar!

Now, this is home.

The sun is always gleaming.

Many places to roam.

It may be cold,

But it feels right

To rest my head,

Only where I like.